HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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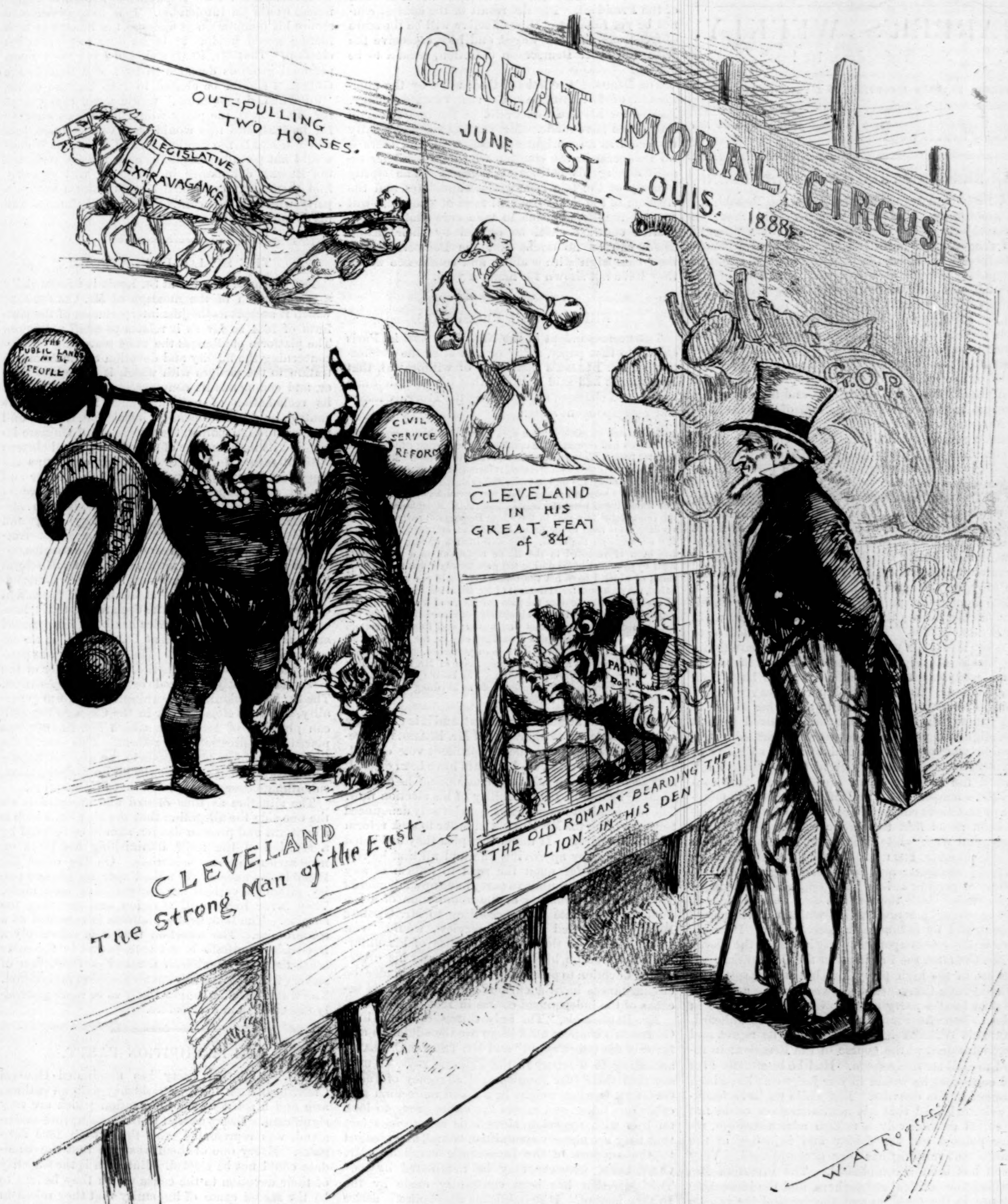
GREAT MORAL CIRCUS
JUNE ST LOUIS 1888
OUT-PULLING TWO HORSES.
LEGISLATIVE EXTRAVAGANCE
THE PUBLIC LANDS FOR THE PEOPLE
CIVIL SERVICE REFORM
TARIFF QUESTION
G.O.P.
CLEVELAND IN HIS GREAT FEAT of '84
PACIFIC RAIL-ROADS
"THE OLD ROMAN" BEARDING THE LION IN HIS DEN
CLEVELAND The Strong Man of the East.
W. A. Rogers

A STRONG COMBINATION.

JONATHAN. "If all this is ginowine, I reckon the Chicago circus will have to be a right smart show to beat it."

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

FOR THE

PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN OF 1888,

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HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

NEW YORK, JUNE 16, 1888.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE RENOMINATION OF MR. CLEVELAND.

IN 1884, upon refusing to support the Republican nomination, HARPER'S WEEKLY said that the great objects of the Republican party were "honest and economical administration, peaceful and honorable foreign relations, the progressive purification of the public service at home, wise reduction of the revenue, and that sense of general security which springs from the moral elevation of the administration." Finding no promise of the advancement of such objects in the Republican nomination, it declined to support it. But these objects, with the exception of that degree of reform in the civil service which it desired, have been largely promoted by the administration of Mr. CLEVELAND, and mainly by his personal influence. The retention of Mr. GARLAND as Attorney-General after the Pan-Electric developments certainly did not enhance the character of the administration, although it was his discretion and sense of official propriety rather than personal honesty which were involved. But the general character of the administration is not in this sense open to reproach. With the exception mentioned, the unanimous renomination of Mr. CLEVELAND does not forecast any Executive departure from the prosecution of the objects which we then described as of paramount importance, and this journal sees no reason to regret the action which it then took.

The Democratic party in renominating the President merely ratifies the verdict of the country upon his general course. Indeed, to have hesitated or to have set him aside would have been to declare that a magistrate so acceptable did not represent his party, and a party capable of such folly would have been overwhelmed. The Democratic party owes very much more to Mr. CLEVELAND than to any other leader of this generation, for he alone has removed from it that stigma of profound distrust and alarmed apprehension which justly attached to it for so many of the most critical years of our history. He has impressed the country as an upright patriot of conservative temperament, and of a wise but not Quixotic or factitious courage, who, while of course a party man, seeks first the public welfare through his party, and who, while yielding upon some points to an evil pressure, has upon the whole commanded his party by character and courage, giving it a distinct policy, dispersing serious party opposition, uniting it as no leader since the war has been able to unite it, and receiving a renomination without a whisper of dissent, and by enthusiastic acclamation. How his personality reacts upon his party is seen in the speech of Mr. COLLINS, the President of the Convention. It was set in the high party key, but such a speech in a Democratic Convention, showing so just a sense of what at least a party must now be believed to be in order to hope for success, has been hitherto unheard. HARPER'S WEEKLY has not disguised its regret and disappointment at the course of the President in regard to civil service reform. Had he been more firm and consistent he would in our judgment have been stronger in the canvass. But while we have frankly acknowledged that his administration could not be called distinctively a reform administration, we have pointed out the falsity and injustice of the charge that nothing has been accomplished. Very much has been accomplished. The President has purified the political atmosphere, and the increasing interest in the question and the demand for reform have been stimulated and confirmed by his known conviction and desire. No man who has the reform at heart can regret that Mr. BLAINE was defeated, nor anticipate that any candidate who is likely to receive the Republican nomination would advance the reform.

The course of the Republican Convention will be awaited with great interest. That the candidate of 1884 is still the undoubted spontaneous choice of the party is not a good augury, because it shows the influence which will probably predominate in its action. That the general tone and aim of the party are more encouraging than they were four years ago nowhere appears. The Republican leadership is not reassuring. There is no commanding figure among the probable candidates, and the inspiration of the Convention will be apparently hatred of mugwumps and devotion to Mr. BLAINE. The Convention, however, may wisely reflect that there was never greater independence of party names than now. It was that force which decided the election in 1884, and it will be much more extensive and powerful in 1888. Moreover, the conservative indisposition to change without strong reasons—a disposition which is most effective in the business world—will favor the re-election of the President. But the result of the contest cannot be yet forecast. How effective will be the scare of free-trade and low wages, and how extensive the Irish and other Democratic defection, remain to be proved.

The Democrats completed their work by the nomination of Mr. THURMAN for the Vice-Presidency. Except for his age, this would be the best selection they could have made. Mr. THURMAN is universally respected as an upright and able man, and there is no Democrat in the country who enjoys higher regard among his political opponents. The sturdy honesty of the two Democratic candidates, and the freedom of the ticket from all taint of "boodle," will compel the Republicans to take care that no suggestive contrast shall be offered by their ticket. There can be no doubt that the Democrats open their campaign with a union and confidence which they have not shown for many a year.

REPUBLICAN PROSPECTS.

THE correspondent of the New York *Sun* in Paris cabled to that paper, a day or two after the publication of Mr. BLAINE'S last letter of withdrawal, that Mr. BLAINE had said that day that his intention had never been changed since writing the Florence letter. The correspondent adds:

> "A remark he made a week ago, when I sent him a copy of the *Sun* which had reprinted the opinions of the leading editors of the country from a Western newspaper, occurs to me now. Mr. BLAINE had read the opinions carefully, referred to some of the other newspaper clippings on his table, and said, thoughtfully, that Mr. CLEVELAND'S popularity was a fact which could not be explained, but which could none the less be gainsaid. He referred also to the remarkable fact that in the whole Democratic party there was no dangerous rival to the present Executive, and then spoke for a few moments on the tariff. The anti-BLAINE feeling in America has been represented to the Maine statesman in a very strong light by people at home during the past fortnight, but there is one thing of which I have not the faintest doubt in the world. It is based, not on a positive statement of Mr. BLAINE'S, but on the tenor of his conversation during the past ten days, and it is that the late Republican nominee is now absolutely convinced that he has not the chance of election against CLEVELAND; and I am also certain that if he thought there was a working chance, the second letter of declination would never have been published. The Western newspapers' prompt and strong acceptation of Mr. BLAINE'S first letter unquestionably surprised him. The hostile manifestations in the West have, indeed, as much to do as anything else with this second and peremptory declination."

If this be an accurate statement, and it is obviously very probable, the withdrawal of Mr. BLAINE is largely if not chiefly due to the independent vote of 1884. Had he secured that vote he would have been elected, and according to the *Sun's* correspondent he declines because he doubts the possibility of his election now. The independent Republicans were bitterly denounced for not voting for Mr. BLAINE in order to seek reform within the party. If under that plea they had voted for him, thereby approving him and all that he represented, how far upon the road to reform of any kind would the Republican party have now advanced? If there be a possibility of the nomination of a Republican candidate who, according to Mr. GEORGE BLISS, as reported in an interview, would "run strongly all over the country because of his untarnished reputation, his known honesty, and his unwavering devotion to principle"—words which under the circumstances have a curious significance—it is because of the independent course in 1884.

Mr. BLISS adds, "The only things that can hurt GRESHAM'S chances at Chicago are the adulation and favor of the mugwumps," and Mr. THOMAS C. PLATT, according to a report in the *Tribune*, says, "I may say that their [the mugwumps] advocacy of Judge GRESHAM is what weighs him down more than any other one thing, and causes the entire party to look on him with suspicion, since it is a notorious fact that they are already committed, bound, and pledged to the support of the Democratic candidate, Mr. CLEVELAND, whoever may be nominated by us." This assertion has been constantly made by the BLAINE faction. If Republicans who honestly desire reform "within the party" have hinted that it might be wise to think of some other candidate, they have been silenced by the sneer that the mugwumps were all pledged to CLEVELAND. The information of Mr. PLATT upon this point is different from ours. We have constantly stated that we believed some part of the independent vote that was given to Mr. CLEVELAND in 1884 because of his declarations in regard to reform would be lost to him in 1888. But that vote would certainly not go to any candidate who represented the reactionary Republicanism which is now in the ascendant.

For reasons, among which those mentioned by Mr. BLISS are prominent, Judge GRESHAM has become in the campaign for the nomination the representative of the Republicans who hold moderate views upon the tariff, who are disposed to look forward rather than back, and who, although they voted for Mr. BLAINE, distrust and deplore the spirit, methods, and tendencies in politics which he represents. For these reasons, however, his nomination is exceedingly improbable. That independent voters should seem to have compelled the withdrawal of Mr. BLAINE, and then that the candidate whom they alleged to be the wisest selection for the Republicans should be nominated, would be intolerable. If it were possible to secure his nomination at Chicago, the BLAINE or bust faction would hold it to be its duty to prevent his election. That Mr. BLAINE should have been upon personal grounds defeated in 1884, and that Judge GRESHAM should be elected in 1888 because of his "untarnished reputation," would mean that except for Mr. BLAINE the party would have been successful in 1884, and this would be a verdict upon him which would be too significant, and which his friends would not permit. Republicans who have regretted the BLAINE dominance in the party will probably find themselves compelled to seek reform within a party which is still controlled by his influence and his devoted adherents.

THE ST. LOUIS PLATFORM.

THE platform adopted at St. Louis is substantially a reaffirmation of the message of Mr. CLEVELAND, which it accepts as the just interpretation of the platform of 1884 so far as it relates to tariff reduction. The platform challenges the most searching inquiry concerning the fidelity and devotion of the Administration to the pledges with which it came into power, and commends its conservative financial policy, its reclamation of national lands from corporate control, its equitable pension legislation, its firm and prudent foreign policy, the exclusion of Chinese labor, and its maintenance of the equality of all citizens without regard to race or color. It condemns the Republican tariff policy as unjust both to labor and capital, and pledges the Democratic party to secure tariff reform. In commending the platform Mr. WATTERSON said that it was a good beginning, and Mr. GORMAN said that Democrats were not free-traders, but aimed at the reduction of the surplus.

The platform, like the message, makes tariff reform the only question of the canvass, and the *Tribune* admits for the Republicans that the issue of protection overshadows all others. The declaration that "honest reform in the civil service has been inaugurated and maintained by President CLEVELAND" is an exceedingly loose statement. The reform law was passed by the votes of both parties, and the letter of the law was honestly enforced by President ARTHUR. The St. Louis plank is a meaningless platform generality, like the reform plank in the Chicago Republican platform of 1884 upon which Mr. BLAINE was placed as the illustration of reform. This year, if the Chicago platform corresponds to the general Republican expression, it will, like the St. Louis declaration, subordinate every question to that of protection.

The situation as thus offered and accepted is on the one side the allegation that the surplus, which is a constant and protean danger, should be reduced by a revision of the tariff, diminishing the taxes on necessaries and raw materials. On the other, the Republicans have as yet united upon no general policy, although various suggestions have been made. They favor high tariff taxation and spending the surplus. The Democratic platform is regarded as a compromise. The assertion that it is effectively a free-trade manifesto is not true, except in the same sense that the Republican demand of restriction of slavery in the Territories was an abolition declaration. The whole question is now likely to be more generally discussed than ever before.

THE PROHIBITION PARTY.

THE Prohibition party has nominated General CLINTON B. FISK for the Presidency with an enthusiasm and a spirit in the Convention which are very significant. Every district in the country, we understand, was represented, and there were 1800 delegates. Every one of them was sure that the candidate could not be elected. But such is the sincerity of their devotion to the cause which they believe to be the sacred cause of humanity that they raised in the Convention a subscription of $30,000, and will make as active and aggressive a canvass as possible. The platform demands the total suppression of the manufacture of alcoholic beverages, and the traffic in it, and of the taxes derived from it. It demands a reduction of the surplus, and the removal of taxation from the comforts and necessaries of life, and favors civil service reform, woman suffrage, and arbitration in labor disputes. It was the most important Convention of the kind yet held, for its hostility to the Republican party, from which the Prohibition party draws most of its recruits, was frankly expressed. We do not share the feeling of the Prohibitionists that the course of the Republican party upon the subject is worse than that of the Democratic, but we see the danger to the Republican party which is threatened by the Prohibition action.

The striking fact in regard to the prospects of the movement is that the Prohibition vote no longer falls off in the Presidential year. In 1884 it reached a total of 153,012. This was in part composed of the votes of many who could not support Mr. Blaine, and who would not vote for Mr. Cleveland. But there will be many this year who voted for Mr. Blaine and who will now vote for General Fisk. They do not doubt probably the temperance conviction of many Republicans, but they do not see that such Republicans control the party action, and they doubt the sincerity of the party managers. Moreover, the question of prohibition takes precedence in their minds of the tariff or civil service reform, and they follow the example of the old antislavery men in declining to subordinate the question to gratify politicians who do not really care for it. This is the power of their position, and the sneers and remonstrances of the Republican papers, and the allegation that the Prohibitionists are practically "deputy Democrats" and their party an ally of Democratic rum-sellers, affect them no more than the same kind of vituperation affected the antislavery men forty years ago, or the mugwumps in 1884. A man who in the pursuit of what he holds to be the right course in public affairs cannot smile at blackguardism should retire from public controversy.

The Prohibition campaign will be prosecuted most vigorously probably in the doubtful States. In New York the vote as between the two great parties will be close, and a third party vote may decide the event. In 1884 the Prohibitionists cast 25,000 votes in New York. In 1844 it was in New York that the Liberty party vote defeated Mr. Clay. The third party movement in this State, therefore, cannot be ridiculed out of the account. In New Jersey, where General Fisk ran for Governor at the last State election, he polled a large vote, which will be larger this year. The Prohibition campaign will gain dignity and weight from the character of its candidate, and it will be greatly advanced by the moral earnestness of its advocates, many of whom are clergymen, to whom the campaign will be a holy crusade. In some of the Western States, where the temperance sentiment has been strong enough to pass constitutional amendments, this moral enthusiasm will be very effective. The Prohibition campaign will probably have little attention from the journals of the two great parties, but its results will be awaited with great interest.

LINCOLN, SEWARD, AND GREELEY.

The extraordinary letter from Mr. Seward to Mr. Lincoln in the spring of 1861, and Mr. Lincoln's reply, which were published a few months since in Hay and Nicolay's *Life of Lincoln*, excited very little general attention. A letter of Mr. Greeley's to Mr. Lincoln is now published in the same Life, and throws fresher light upon the greatness of Lincoln. A more Providential man in the highest sense of the word history does not show. Called to the greatest of human responsibilities, the salvation of the chief free government in the world, by a party to which he was comparatively little known, and conscious that he was regarded only with curiosity and distrust, he found that the recognized political leader of his party and its chief editor were both willing to say to him, the first by implication, the second in plain words, "You are not considered a great man."

In the tremendous crisis of national fate Lincoln at the head of the nation was made to feel himself to be absolutely alone. He comprehended completely the situation, and he was equal to it. His reply to Seward, his treatment of Greeley, reveal the essential greatness of the man. He retained their assistance without relinquishing in the least his supreme control. Appalling as their letters must have been to him, they were doubtless of the utmost service as giving him the true estimate of the men, and preventing any subsequent misunderstanding. Mr. Greeley remained throughout the war, what he described himself in this letter, "a hopelessly broken" man, but Mr. Seward undoubtedly learned to appreciate the superiority of Lincoln.

The letter of Greeley is a curious study. He had been one of the chief forces in the agitation which ended inevitably in civil war. But when it threatened and appeared, his articles in the *Tribune* dismayed his friends, while his letters to the President showed his mental excitement. He was apparently wholly unprepared for the crisis which no one had helped more effectively to produce. But in all the history of that time Lincoln becomes constantly greater.

THE POPE'S RESCRIPT AND THE IRISH BISHOPS.

The Irish question in English politics remains unchanged, and there seems to be no prospect of a speedy change of any kind. The latest incident is a letter of the Irish bishops explanatory of the Pope's recent rescript. This letter is interpreted according to the sympathies and wishes of the interpreters. But even those who wish it not to affect the political situation cannot explain it away. The substance of the bishops' letter is that the Pope speaks authoritatively upon questions of faith and morals. Upon politics he does not assume to speak as Pope.

But the question submitted to the Pope was one of morals: "In contests between letters and holders of lands or farms in Ireland is it lawful to have recourse to those means known as the plan of campaign and boycotting?" This question the Pope's rescript answered in the negative. It pointed out the injustice of allowing a rent fixed by mutual consent to be set aside by the will of one of the parties to the contract, and it denounced boycotting as foreign to natural justice and Christian charity. The Irish bishops do not hesitate to acknowledge their obedience, while they praise the Irish leaders and declare the Pope a friend of the Irish national cause. That is entirely consistent with his rescript. He did not condemn that cause, but he unequivocally condemned the plan of campaign and boycotting as means of promoting it.

These facts cannot be set aside, and as these methods have been cardinal methods, the papal rescript undoubtedly strengthens the position of the British government. Apparently the Tories are playing for time. If they can hold the existing situation for a year or two, they doubtless feel that Mr. Gladstone will be a less dangerous antagonist, and with his disappearance from the leadership of the opposition they count probably upon a final victory. It is the misfortune of the situation that the cause of Ireland apparently depends so largely upon Mr. Gladstone for its present success.

THE ACTING VICE-PRESIDENT AND THE PRESIDENT.

The acting Vice-President of the United States has published in the *North American Review* the foulest attack upon the President which has yet been made, and with the intention undoubtedly that it should appear upon the eve of his renomination. A just sense of official dignity and propriety, it seems to us, would have withheld the acting Vice-President from such an unseemly performance at any time. Even if the allegations were true, they are expressed with such studied vituperation, and with such an evident desire not to tell the truth but to produce an impression, that they can have no possible effect upon any reader who is not already decided.

As a vulgar personal tirade, the article, proceeding from a person in a highly dignified office, is merely offensive to every decent American of whatever party sympathy. But as inviting reproach upon the American name, and scepticism and scorn of popular government, it is of more importance. The paper in carefully chosen repulsive epithets describes the President as a man possessed of every acknowledged disqualification for his office, "who has been selected because of them." He is "an inert and vacant mass" of ignorance and bestiality, whom the people of the United States have either deliberately chosen to be their Chief Magistrate, or have submitted to his imposition upon them by fraud. The author holds up his country to the contempt of the world. If what his paper alleges were true, if this were the actual result after a trial of a hundred years of free popular government and the choice of their governors by the people, the failure of the popular system would be complete.

The author of this libel upon the American people was an ardent supporter for the Presidency of a man who was defeated because he was believed to have trafficked in his official position. That fact is as creditable to the country as the assault of the acting Vice-President is disgraceful. Nor is his aspersion relieved by his remark that the election of such a President as he describes has proved the capacity of the people for self-government. He admits that such an assertion is paradoxical. But it is simply silly. Such an unqualified assault strengthens the candidáte at whom it is launched. The only persons who will applaud this diatribe are those who would support any Republican candidate, even if it were the Senator from Kansas. But all other honorable American citizens will see with amazement that the attack upon popular government proceeds from the man whom the Republican majority of the Senate has elevated to the highest honor within its gift.

STALWARTS AND HALF-BREEDS.

Mr. George C. Gorham, former Secretary of the Senate, and a stanch adherent of Mr. Conkling, recently published in the *Herald* a long narrative of the quarrel between Mr. Conkling and Mr. Blaine, which finally threw Mr. Conkling out of public life, while Mr. Blaine remained the idol of the Republican party. There was the same natural antagonism between the men that there was between Mr. Conkling and Mr. Fenton. One was aggressive, direct, uncompromising; the other, plausible, evasive, temporizing. In the case of Mr. Conkling and Mr. Blaine the difference began in Mr. Conkling's noted attack in the House of Representatives upon General Fry, a movement in which, by the unanimous opinion of an able committee of investigation, Mr. Conkling was entirely right and Mr. Blaine completely wrong. In this incident Mr. Conkling appears as a courageous and upright statesman.

The rest of Mr. Gorham's paper tells a melancholy story. It is that of a long fight between the leaders over the spoils of patronage, during which Garfield was assassinated, and Conkling, after inconceivable humiliation, disappeared from public life. Mr. Gorham says that from the moment of Garfield's blow, Conkling's lips were sealed, and that he bore in silence the consciousness of utter misapprehension and the undeserved condemnation of his party. But that a man of real ability could be enmeshed in such an unclean net is a mournful commentary upon the man.

The object of the publication is to arouse the old "stalwart" hostility to Messrs. Blaine, Depew, Robertson, and Reid, who were the "backers" of Garfield in the contest with Conkling, and the last three of whom are now the chief backers of Blaine in New York, while Mr. Platt is transformed from a lieutenant of Conkling to one of Blaine. The telegrams of Mr. Reid to Mr. John Hay, which revealed the feeling of the cabal toward Conkling, are all republished. The paper is an instructive illustration of the real motives and acts of those who represent the present control of the Republican party. But the chief actors are all dead except Mr. Blaine, and this paper is a striking specimen of the bitterness of factional "campaign literature."

EXECUTION BY ELECTRICITY.

Governor Hill's approval of the bill substituting electricity for the gallows as a method of capital punishment is an important event. Upon such a subject the action of one of the foremost of civilized communities will have great influence, and should the result of the change be what its friends anticipate, it is not to be doubted that other States and countries will follow the example of New York. The application of the new system will be watched with the utmost interest and attention.

The commission which after long and careful examination of the subject recommended this change made other suggestions which are no less worthy of attention. Among these was the desirability of abolishing the horrible pseudo-sentiment which is now permitted to invest capital criminals and their execution. The execution of a malefactor, which is one of the most awful offices of the law, is now surrounded with a vulgar and theatrical glamour which is wholly demoralizing. It should be deprived of all that makes it a kind of popular pageant, not only by providing, as the law now provides, for the presence of a few witnesses only within the precinct of the prison, but by preventing so far as possible the sensational descriptions of the event. A certificate of the fact of the proper execution of the law, signed by properly responsible witnesses, is all that is necessary. Murderers of every degree would then know that they could be made in no way sentimental heroes.

So grave a step in the enforcement of the penal law as that which has been now taken will naturally quicken attention to many other possible reforms in the administration of justice, in the discipline of jails, and in the treatment of witnesses. It is certainly agreeable to find a Legislature doing something else than putting political opponents "in holes." It is to be said to the credit of the Governor that he drew attention in his first message to the wisdom of a change in the method of capital execution.

PERSONAL.

Thomas McElrath, Horace Greeley's partner in establishing the New York *Tribune*, died a few days ago, at the age of eighty-one.

—Mr. Parnell was noted as a cricketer before he went into politics.

—Alois Locher, one of New York's sculptors, has received an autograph letter from the Emperor of Austria acknowledging meritorious services in preparing models for the Maria Theresa monument lately unveiled in Vienna.

—On last week's death roll was the name of Mrs. Frances Fielding Gwathmey, the nearest surviving relative of George Washington. She was eighty-four years old. She had travelled much, and even in her old age was a remarkably handsome woman. She was the mother of twelve children, three of whom survive her, one being Robert W. Gwathmey, of New York.

—Jefferson Davis has just celebrated his eightieth birthday.

—One of the evidences of Mrs. Langtry's eminent success upon the stage is her recent purchase of 5000 acres of fine farming land in California.

—Ex-Queen Isabella of Spain has an annual income of $1,000,000, but is extravagant enough to be continually in debt.

—A story just started on its rounds represents that an organized band of outlaws has been following Madame Patti all over Europe, intending to kidnap her, secure her jewels, and demand a ransom for her liberty.

—Yale graduates three Japanese students this year, and all of them stand well in their class.

—George Gabriel, a New Haven umbrella-mender, died a little while ago, and nobody supposed that he had left any estate worth mention. But a will turns up which shows that he was worth over $30,000, which he bequeaths to Yale College Library, the Yale Divinity School, and the local Young Men's Christian Association.

—Miss Geneva Armstrong, the daughter of a farmer in western New York, has solved a vexatious problem that has troubled live-stock shippers a long time. She has invented a practical device for feeding cattle on moving trains.

—Meissonier says of one of his pictures now on exhibition in London that he spent four years working up its details.

—The tricycle fever has attacked Europe, and Empress Elizabeth of Austria has become an enthusiastic rider.

—Colorado has a cattle queen, Mrs. Mary Warren, with a fortune of $10,000,000.

—Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson has the finest private botanic collection in the world.

—Western showmen are carting around the house in which General Grant was born, and they are making money by its exhibition too.

—The German Baptist Church—the Dunkards—has been holding its national Conference in Indiana. Representatives of a younger element desirous of wearing mustaches and having their hair trimmed by barbers were voted down. Ministers who chew or smoke will not be permitted to assist in church adjudications. Financially the denomination prospers.

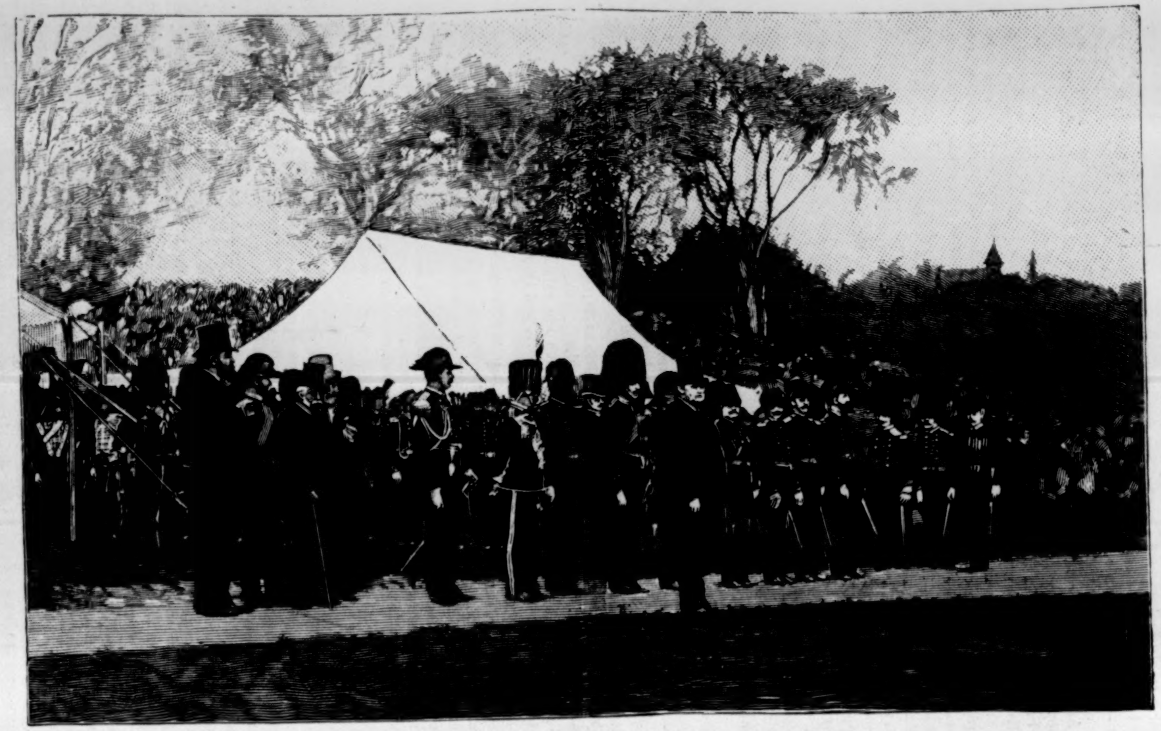
—The only personal rumor of the thousand that Paris has revelled in which so far has provoked General Boulanger into a spirited denial is a tale of the boulevards that he wears a ring.

—Gladstone is a land-owner at Niagara Falls. He has a patch of land on the Canadian side commanding a fine view of the falls, and though speculators have tried several times to induce him to sell, he will not part with it.

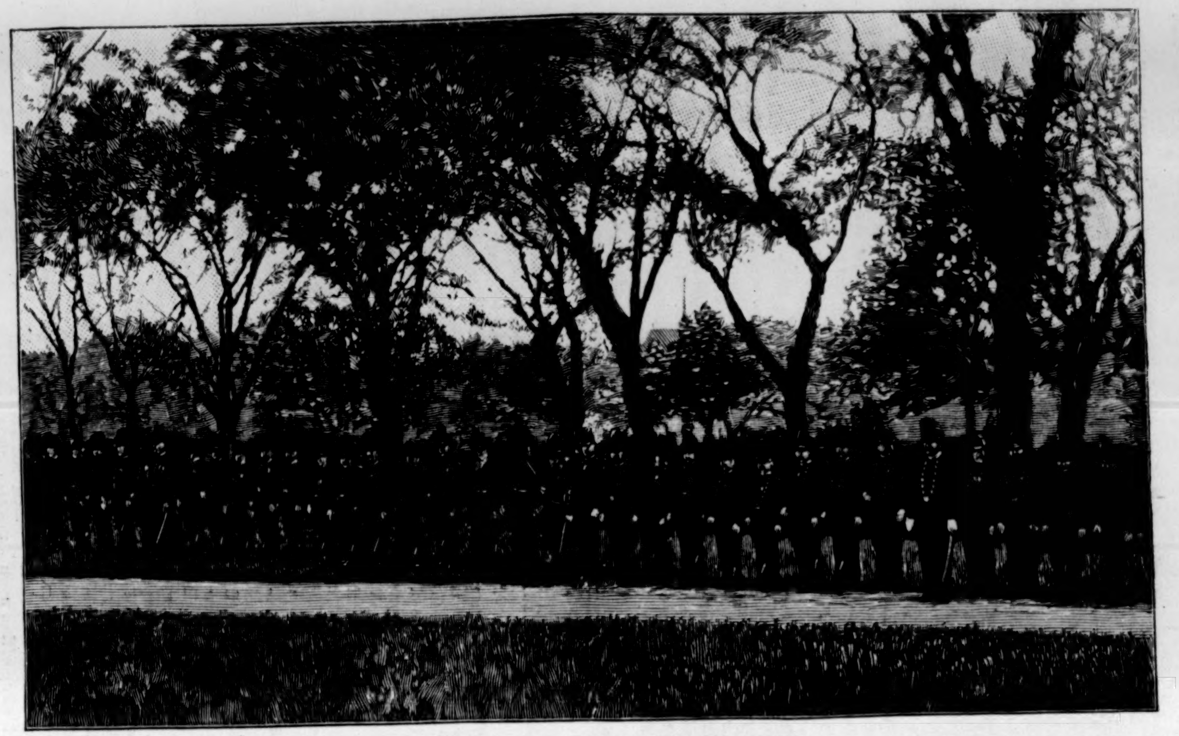
—New York claims the first Chinese lawyer in America. Hong Yen Chan is his name, and he has opened an office in Wall Street. He is a bright young man, and studied at Yale and Columbia College law schools.

—A. B. Champion, chairman of the Press Committee of the Cincinnati Centennial Exposition, got an excellent training some years ago for the kind of work that now alternates with his law practice. He was the original organizer and manager of the famous Red Stocking Base-ball Club, which played a long series of matches from the Atlantic to the Pacific and never lost a game. Mr. Champion still practises law in the room from which the all-conquering Red Stockings were sent out upon the unsuspecting and unprepared local players.

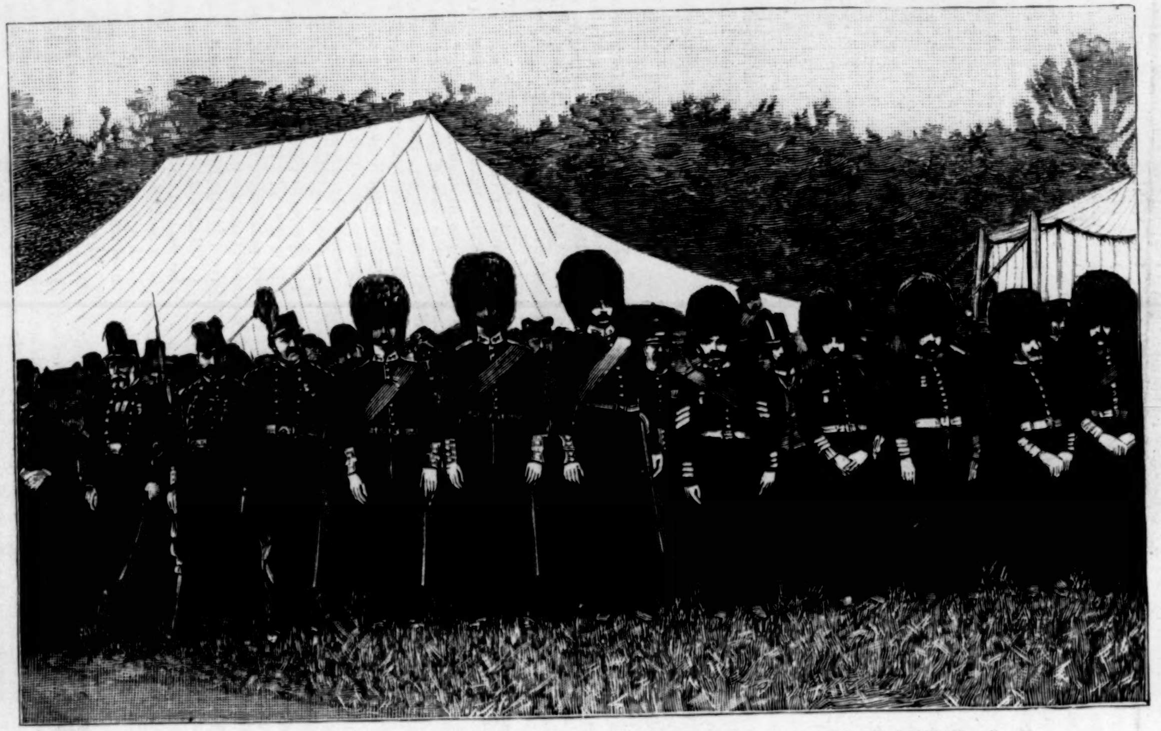
—Colonel Morton L. Hawkins, the hero of the Cincinnati riot of 1884, has retired from public life. He is at present doing his best to make the Cincinnati Exposition the greatest thing of the kind since the Philadelphia Centennial.



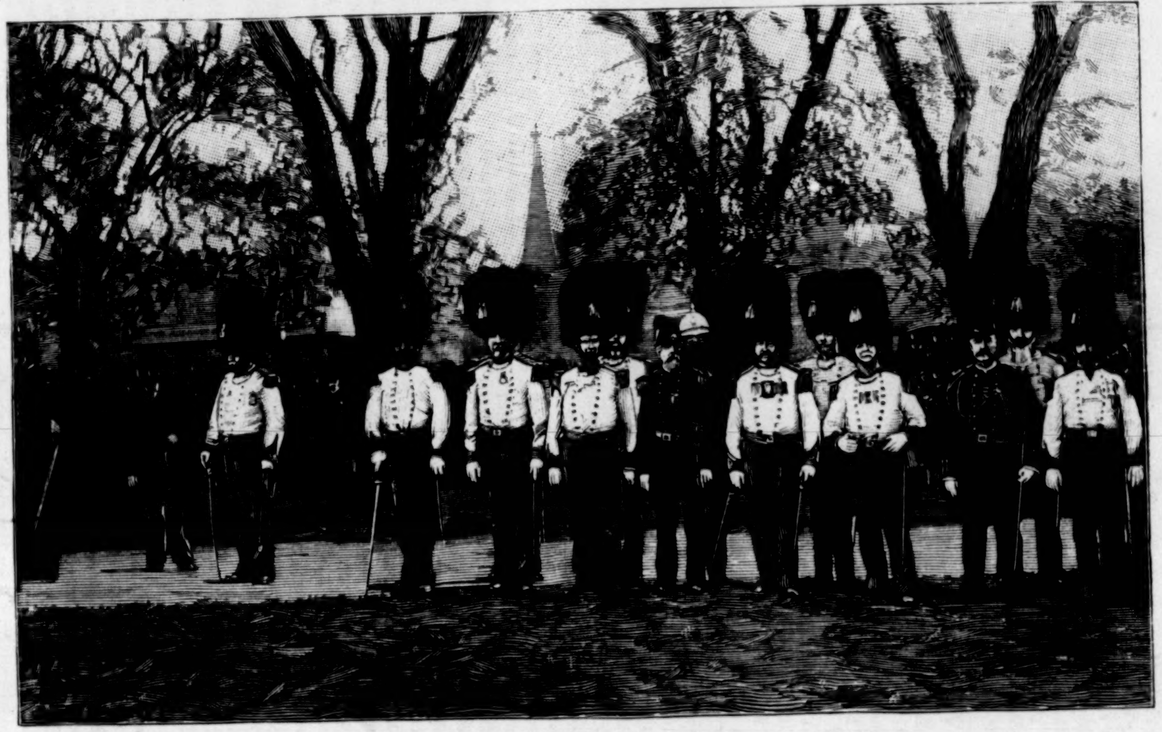
GOVERNOR AMES AND HIS STAFF REVIEWING THE PARADE.



THE ANCIENTS AND HONORABLES ON REVIEW.



PART OF THE DELEGATION OF THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF LONDON.



A SECTION OF THE LINE OF THE OLD GUARD ON THE COMMON.

THE QUARTER-MILLENNIAL CELEBRATION OF THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY OF BOSTON.—From Photographs by Bidwell.—[See Page 431.]

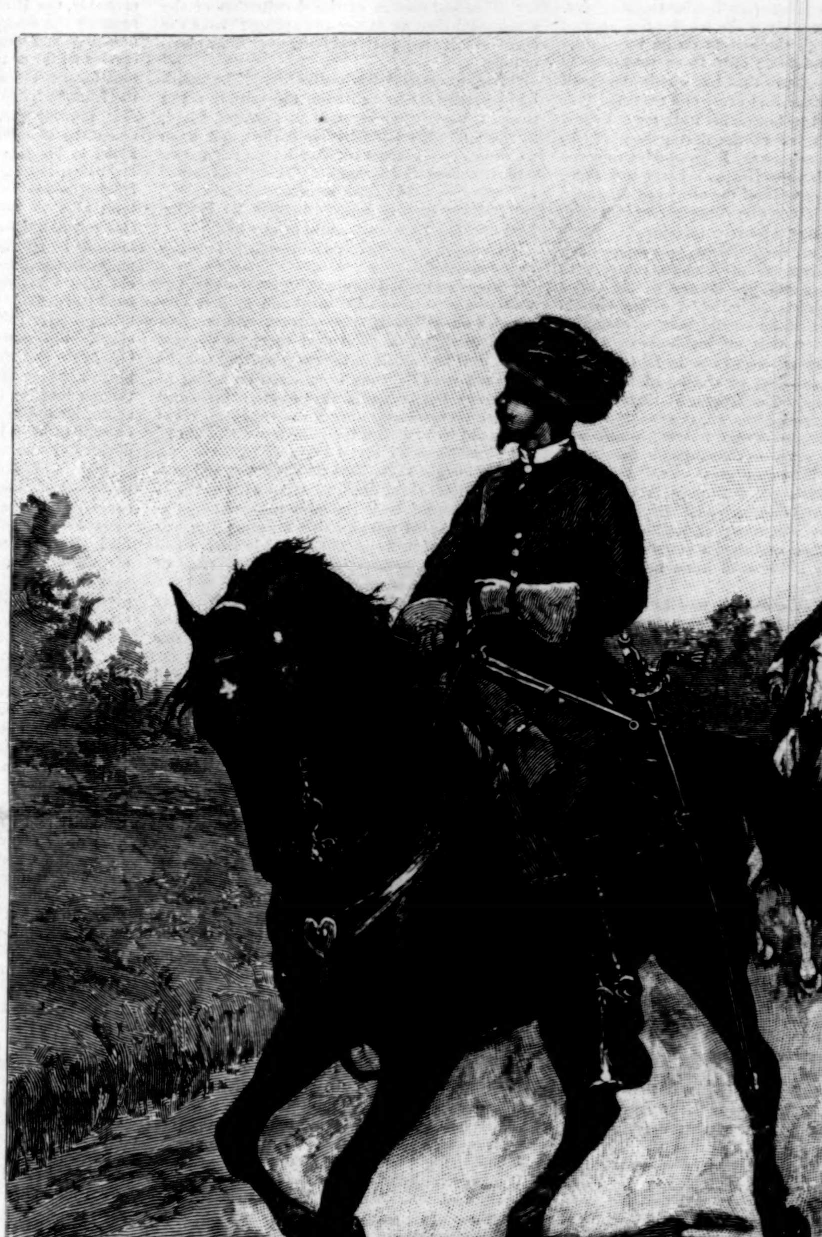
A WAR-TIME WOOING.*

By CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.

CHAPTER VI.

SITTING by the open window and looking out over the bustling street, Major Abbot later in the evening is trying to collect his senses and convince himself that he really is himself. "It never rains but it pours," and events have been pouring upon him with confusing rapidity. Early in the summer he had noted an odd constraint in the tone of the few letters that came from Miss Winthrop. That they were few and far between was not in itself a matter to give him much discomfort. From boyhood he had been accustomed to the household cry that at some time in the future—the distant future—Viva Winthrop was to be his wife. He had known her quite as long as he had been conscious of his own existence, and the relations between the families were such as to render the alliance desirable. Excellent friends were the young people as they grew to years of discretion, and, in the eyes of parents and intimate acquaintances, no formal betrothal was ever necessary, simply because "it was such an understood thing." For more than a year previous to the outbreak of the war, however, Miss Winthrop was in Europe, and much of the time, it was said, she had been studying. So had Mr. Hollins, who withdrew from Harvard in his second year and read law assiduously in the office of Winthrop & Lawrence, and then went abroad for his health. They returned on the Cunarder in the early part of April, and Mrs. Winthrop was ill from the time she set foot on the saloon-deck until they sighted the State House looming through the fog, and nothing could have been more fortunate than that Mr. Hollins was with them—he was so attentive, so very thoughtful. When he wasn't doing something for her, he was promenading with Viva on deck, or bundling that young lady in warm wraps and hedging her in a sunny corner. Pity that Mr. Hollins was so poor and rather obscure in his family—his immediate family—connections. His mother was Mr. Winthrop's first cousin, and she had been very fond of Mr. Winthrop when she was a child, and he had befriended her son when a friend was needed. She died years ago, and no one knew just when her husband followed her. He was a person no one ever met, said Mrs. Winthrop, a man who had a singular career, was an erratic genius, and very dissipated. But he was a very fascinating person, she understood, in his younger days, and his son was most talented and deserving, but entirely out of the question as an intimate or associate. Viva would not be apt to see anything of him after their return; but the question never seemed to occur to her, how much had the daughter been influenced by their frequent companionship abroad? It really mattered nothing. Viva was to marry Revere Abbot, as Mrs. Winthrop preferred to call him, and such was distinctly the family understanding. Miss Winthrop had been home but a few weeks when all the North was thrilled by the stirring call for volunteers, and the old Bay State responded, as was to be expected of her. In the —th Massachusetts were a score of officers, as has been said, whose names were as old as the colony, and whose family connections made them thoroughly well known to each other at the earliest organization of the command. That Paul Abbot should be among the first to seek a commission as a junior lieutenant was naturally expected. Then, with all possible hesitancy and delicacy, after a feminine council in the family, his mother asked him if he did not think there ought to be some distinct understanding about Viva Winthrop before he went away to the front. The matter was something that he had thought of before she went to Europe, but believed then that it could wait. Now that she had returned, improved both physically and intellectually, Mr. Abbot had once or twice thought that it would not be long before he would be asked some such question as his mother now propounded, but again decided that it was a matter that could be deferred. They had met with much hearty cordiality, and called each other Paul and Viva, as they had from babyhood, and then she had a round of social duties, and he became absorbed in drills, day and night, and they saw very little of each other—much less than was entirely satisfactory to the parental councils, and these were frequent. While the masters of the households of Abbot and Winthrop seldom interchanged a word on the subject, they had their personal views none the less; and as to the mothers, their hearts had long been set upon the match. Miss Winthrop had abundant wealth in her own right. Paul Abbot's blood was blue as the doctrines of the Puritans. Without being a beauty in face or form, Miss Winthrop was unquestionably distinguished-looking, and her reputation for a certain acerbity of temper and the faculty of saying cutting things did not materially lower her value in the matrimonial market. There was, however, that constantly recurring statement, "Oh, she's engaged to Paul Abbot," and that, presumably, accounted for the lack of those attentions in society which are so intangible when assailed, and yet leave such a void when omitted. Mrs. Abbot put it very plainly to Paul when she said:

"Everybody considers her as virtually engaged to you, and expects you to look after her. That is why I say it is due to her that you should arrive at some understanding before your orders come."



"BACK CAME THOSE DAREDEVILS OF STUART'S."

Paul had come up from camp that day—a Saturday afternoon—and he stood there in the old family gathering room, a very handsome young soldier. He had listened in silence and respect while his mother spoke, but without much sign of responsive feeling. When she had finished he looked her full in the face, and quietly said:

"And is there any other reason, mother?"

Mrs. Abbot flushed. There was another reason, and one that after much mental dodging both she and Mrs. Winthrop had been compelled to admit to each other within a very few days. Mr. Hollins was constantly finding means to come over to the city and see Miss Winthrop, and the ladies could not grapple with the intricacies of a military problem which permitted one officer to be in town three or four days a week and kept the others incessantly drilling at camp. Mrs. Abbot, mother-like, had more than once suggested to her son that he ought to be able to visit town more frequently, and on his replying that it was simply impossible, and that none of the officers could leave their duties, had triumphantly pointed to Mr. Hollins.

"But he is quartermaster," said Paul, "and has to come on business."

"He manages to combine a good deal of pleasure with his business," was the tentative response, and Abbot knew that he was expected to ask the nature of Mr. Hollins's pleasures. He was silent, however, much to his mother's disappointment, for he had heard from other sources of the frequency with which Mr. Hollins and Miss Winthrop were seen together. Finding that he would not ask, Mrs. Abbot was compelled to suppress the inclination she felt to have her suspicions dragged to light. She wished he had more curiosity, or jealousy, or something; but in its absence she could only say, "Well, I wish you were quartermaster, that's all."

And now that he *had* asked her if there were no other reason, there was something in his placid tone she did not like. A month agone she wanted him to know of Mr. Hollins's evident attentions to Genevieve, because it would probably, or possibly, spur him into some exertion on his own account. Now that she felt sure he had heard of it, and it had not spurred him, she was as anxious to conceal the fact that, both to Mrs. Winthrop and herself, these attentions were becoming alarming. If he did *not* care for Viva, the chances were that so soon as he found that public attention had been drawn to her acceptance of such devotions, Paul would drop the matter entirely, and that would be a calamity. Knowing perfectly well, therefore, what was in his mind when he asked the question, Mrs. Abbot parried the thrust. Though she flushed, and her voice quivered a little, she looked him straight in the face.

"There is, Paul. I—think she has a right to expect it of you; that—that she does expect it."

Abbot looked with undisguised perplexity into his mother's face.

"You surprise me very much, mother; I cannot see how Viva would betray such an idea, even if she had it; it is not like her."

"Women see these things where men cannot," was the somewhat sententious reply. "Besides, Paul—"

"Well, mother, besides—?"

"—Mrs. Winthrop has told me as much."

That evening, before returning to camp, Lieutenant Abbot went round the square—or what is the Bostonian equivalent therefor—and surprised Miss Winthrop with a call. He told her what he had not told his mother, that Colonel Raymond that morning received a telegram from Washington, saying that on the following Tuesday they must be in readiness to start.

"We have been good friends always, Viva," he said; "but you have been something more to me than that. I did not mean to make so sudden an avowal, but soldiers have no time to call their own just now, and every hour has been given up to duty with the regiment. Now this sharp summons comes and I must go. If I return, shall we—" (he had almost said, "shall we fulfil our manifest destiny, and make our parents happy?" but had sense enough to realize that she was entitled to a far more personal proposition). He broke off nervously.

"You have always been so dear to me, Viva. Will you be my wife?"

She was sitting on the sofa, nervously twisting the cords of a fan in and out among her slender white fingers. Her eyes were downcast and her cheeks suffused. For an instant she looked up, and a question seemed trembling on her lips. She was a truthful woman, and no coward. There was something she was entitled to know, something the heart within her craved to know, yet she knew not how to ask, or, if she did, was too proud to frame the words, to plead for that thing of all others which a woman prizes and glories in, yet will never knowingly beg of any man—his honest and outspoken love. She looked down again, silent.

His tone softened and his voice quivered a little as he bent over her. "Has any one else won away the heart of my little girl-love?" he asked. "We were sweethearts so long, Viva; but have you learned to care for some other?"

"No. It—it is not that."

"Then cannot you find a little love for me left over from the childish days? You were so loyal to me then, Viva—and it would make our home people so happy."

"I suppose it might—them."

"Then promise me, dear; I go so soon, and—"

She interrupted him now, impetuously. Looking straight up into his eyes, she spoke in a low, vehement tone, rapidly, almost angrily. "On this condition, Paul—on this condition. You ask me to be your wife, and—and I suppose it is what is expected of us, what you have expected all along—and are entitled to an answer now. Promise me this, if ever you have a thought for another woman, if ever you feel in your heart that perhaps another girl would make you happier, or if —if you feel the faintest growing fancy for another, that you will tell me."

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* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1639.

He smiled gravely as he encircled her in his arm. She drew back, but he held her. "Why, Viva, I have never had a thought for any other girl. I simply thought you might care for some one more than you did for me. It is settled, then—I promise;" and he bent and kissed her.

They met again—twice—before the regiment took the cars. It had been settled that no announcement of the engagement should be made, but there are some secrets mothers cannot keep, and there were not lacking men and women to obtrude premature "congratulations," even on the day she came with mothers, sisters, cousins, and sweethearts by the score to witness the presentation of colors and say adieu. That afternoon the regimental quartermaster returned from the city after a stay of thirty-six hours, thirty of which were unauthorized, and it was rumored that Colonel Raymond was very angry, and had threatened extreme measures. It was this prospect, possibly, that shrouded Mr. Hollins's face in gloom, but most people were disposed to think that he had taken the engagement very much to heart. There were many who considered that, despite the fact of his lack of fortune, birth, and "position," Mr. Hollins had been treated very shabbily by the heiress. There were a few who said that but for his "lacks" she would have married him. What she herself said was something that caused Mr. Abbot a good deal of wonderment and reflection.

"Paul, I want you to promise me another thing. Mr. Hollins has very few friends in the regiment. He is poor, sensitive, and he feels it keenly. He is our kinsman, though distant, and he placed me under obligations abroad by his devotion to mother and his courtesy to me when we needed attention. He thinks you dislike him, as well as many of the others. Remember what he is to us, and how hard a struggle he has had, and be kind to him—for me."

And though his college remembrances of Mr. Hollins were not tinged with romance, Paul Abbot was too glad and proud in the thought of going to the front, too happy and prosperous, perhaps, to feel anything but pity for the quartermaster's isolation. He made the promise, and found its fulfilment, before they had been away a fortnight, a very irksome thing. Hollins fairly lived at his tent, and better men kept away. Gradually they had drifted apart. Gradually the feeling of coldness and aversion had become so marked that he could not conceal it; and finally, after one of the frequent lapses of which the quartermaster was guilty, there had come rupture of all social relations, and the only associate left to Mr. Hollins was the strange character whom he had foisted upon the regiment at its organization—the quondam quartermaster-sergeant, Rix.

But in all the marching and fighting of the battle summer of '62, these things were of less account than they had been during the inaction of the winter and early spring, until, at the Monocacy, Mr. Abbot's curiosity was excited by the singular language used by Rix when ordered under guard. What could such a man as he have to do with the affairs, personal or professional, of the officers of the regiment? It was rabid nonsense—idle boasting, no doubt; and yet the new-made major found that melodramatic threat recurring to his mind time and again.

Another thing that perplexed him was the fact already alluded to, that during the winter Viva's letters, never too frequent or long, had begun to grow longer as to interval and shorter as to contents. He made occasional reference to the fact, but was referred to the singular circumstance that "he began it." Matters were mended for a while, then drifted into the old channel again. Then came the stirring incidents of June; the sharp, hard marches of July and August; the thrilling battles of Cedar Mountain and Second Bull Run; and he felt that his letters were hardly missed. Then came the dash at Turner's Gap; his wounds, rest, recovery, and promotion. But there was silence at home. He had not missed *her* letters before. Now he felt that they ought to come, and had written more than once to say so.

And now, alone in his room, he is trying to keep cool and clear-headed; to fathom the mystery of his predicament before going to his father and telling him that between Genevieve Winthrop and himself there has arisen a cloud which at any moment may burst in storm.

Her letter—the first received since Antietam—he has read over time and again. It must be confessed that there is a good deal therein to anger an honest man, and Abbot believes he is entitled to that distinction:

"You demand the reason for my silence, and shall have it. I did not wish to endanger your recovery, and so have kept my trouble to myself, but now I write to tell you that the farce is ended. You have utterly broken your promise; I am absolved from mine. The fact that you could find time to write day after day to Miss Warren, and neglect me for weeks, would in itself be justification for demanding my release from an engagement you have held so lightly. But that you should have sought and won another's love even while your honor was pledged to me, is *more* than enough. I do not ask release. I break the bond—once and for all.

"You will have no place to receive your letters at the front. They, with your ring, and certain gifts with which you have honored me from time to time, will be found in a packet which is this day forwarded to your mother.

"GENEVIEVE WINTHROP."

Abbot is seated with his head buried in his hands. That name again! the girl who fainted at sight of him! the old man who was prostrate at his denial on the Monocacy! the picture of himself in *her* desk! and now this bitter, insulting letter from the woman who was to have been his wife! Rix's words at the field hospital!—what in Heaven's name can it all mean? What network of crime and mystery is this that is thrown around him?

There is a sudden knock at the door—a negro waiter with a telegram:

"POINT OF ROCKS, MD., *Oct. —*, 1862.
"*Major Paul R. Abbot, Willard's Hotel, Washington:*
"Hollins still missing; believed to have followed you to Washington. Use every effort to secure arrest. PUTNAM."

CHAPTER VII.

THERE is an air of unusual excitement about the War Department this bright October day. It is only a month since the whole army seemed tramping through the streets on its way to the field of the Antietam; only three weeks since the news was received that Lee was beaten back across the Potomac, and every one expected that McClellan would be hot on his trail, eager to pursue and punish before the daring Southerners could receive accessions. But though two corps managed to reoccupy Harper's Ferry and there go into camp, the bulk of the army has remained where Lee left it when he slipped from its grasp, and McClellan's cry is for re-enforcements. Three weeks of precious time slip by, and then—back come those daredevils of Stuart's, riding with laugh and taunt and jeer all around the Union forces; and there is the mischief to pay here in Washington, for if he should take a notion to pay the capital a visit on his homeward trip, what would the consequences be? Of course there are troops—lots of them—all around in the fortifications. The trouble is that we have so few cavalry, and, after all, the greatest trouble is the old one—those fellows, Stuart and Jackson, have such a consummate faculty of making a very little go a great way. All that is known of Stuart's present move is that he is somewhere up the Cumberland Valley; that telegraphic communication beyond McClellan's headquarters is broken, and that it is more than likely he will come hitherward when he chooses to make his next start.

Going to the War Department to make inquiries for the provost marshal and show him Putnam's telegram, Major Abbot finds that official too busy to see him—"Unless it be something urgent," says the subaltern, who seems to be an aide-de-camp of some kind.

"I have come to show him a despatch received last night—late—from Point of Rocks."

"You are Major Abbot, formerly —th Massachusetts, I believe, and your despatch is about the missing quartermaster, is it not?"

"Yes," replies Abbot, in surprise.

"We have the duplicate of the despatch here," says the young officer, smiling. "You would know Hollins at once, would you not?"

"Yes, anywhere, I think."

"One of the secret service men will come in to see you this morning, if you will kindly remain at your room until eleven or twelve o'clock. Pardon me, major; you saw this Dr. Warren at Frederick, did you not?"

"Yes—the evening he came out to the field hospital."

"Did he impress you as a man who told a perfectly straight story and properly accounted for himself?"

"Why— You put it in a way that never occurred to me before," says the major, in bewilderment. "Do you mean that there was anything wrong about him?"

"Strictly *entre nous*, major—something damnably wrong. He was all mixed up on meeting you, we are told. He claimed to have known and been in correspondence with you, did he not?"

"Yes, he did; but—"

"That is only one of several trips he made. There are extraordinary rumors coming in about spies around Frederick, and there seems to be an organized gang. It is this very matter the general is overhauling now, and he gave orders that he should be uninterrupted until he had finished the correspondence. Will you wait?"

"Thank you, no. I believed it my duty to show him this despatch; but he knows as much as or more than I do. May I ask if you have any inkling of Hollins's whereabouts?"

"Not even a suspicion. He simply dropped out of sight, and no man in the army appears to have set eyes on him since the night before Antietam. Colonel Putnam is investigating his accounts at Point of Rocks, and is most eager to get him."

Major Abbot turns away with a heavy weight at heart. All of a sudden there has burst upon him a complication of injustice and mystery, of annoyance and perplexity, that is hard to bear. In some way he feels that the disappearance of the quartermaster is a connecting link in the chain of circumstance. He associates him, vaguely, with each and every one of the incidents which have puzzled him within the month past—with Rix, with Dr. Warren's coming, with that cold and bitter letter from Miss Winthrop, and finally with the shock and faintness that overcame this fair young girl at sight of him.

To his father he has shown Miss Winthrop's letter, and briefly sketched the visit of Dr. Warren, and the sudden meeting with his daughter the evening previous. Mr. Abbot is in a whirl of indignation over the letter, which he considers an insult, but is all aflame with curiosity about the doctor and the young lady. He has been preparing to return to Boston this very week, but is now determined to wait until he can see these mysterious people, who are so oddly mixed up in his son's affairs. It is with some difficulty that the major prevails upon him not to write to Miss Winthrop and overwhelm her with reproaches. That letter must be answered only by the man to whom it was written, says Abbot, and it is evident that he does not mean to be precipitate. He has much to think of, and so drives back to Willard's and betakes himself to his room, where his father awaits him, and where they are speedily joined by an official of the secret service, who has a host of singular questions to ask about Hollins. Some of them have a tendency to make the young major wonder if he really has been the possessor of eyes and ears, or powers of discernment, during the past winter. Then come some inquiries about Rix. Abbot is forced to confess that he knows nothing of his antecedents, and that he was made quartermaster-sergeant at Hollins's request, at a time when nobody had a very adequate idea of what his duties might be.

"Who had charge of the distribution of the regimental mail all winter and spring?" asks the secret service man, after looking over some memoranda.

"The quartermaster, ordinarily. The mail-bag was carried to and from the railway about thrice a week while we were at Edwards Ferry, in the fall. Rix looked after it then, and when we came down in front of Washington the matter still remained in his hands. There was never any complaint, that I can remember."

"Did any of your officers besides Mr. Hollins have civilian dress or disguise of any kind?"

"I do not know that he did—much less any of the others."

"He wore his uniform coming to the city, but would soon turn out in 'cits,' and in that way avoided all questions from patrols. As he gambled and drank a good deal then, we thought perhaps it was a rule in the regiment that officers must not wear their uniforms when on a lark of any kind; but he was always alone, and seemed to have no associates among the officers. What use could he have had for false beard and wig?"

"None whatever that I know of."

"He bought them here, as we know, and presumably took them down to camp with him. If he has deserted, he is probably masquerading in that rig now. I tell you this knowing you will say nothing of it, Major Abbot, and because I feel that you have no idea of the real character of this man, and it is time you had."

Abbot bows silently. If the detective only knew what was going on at home, how much the more would he deem the missing quartermaster a suspicious character!

Then there comes a knock at the door, and opening it, Major Abbot finds himself face to face with the nurse whom he had seen the previous afternoon in Dr. Warren's room. She looks up into his face with a smile that betokens a new and lively interest. "The doctor left us but a few minutes ago," she says, "and he tells me my patient is on the mend. Of course we have said nothing to him as yet about Miss Bessie's fainting yesterday, but —I thought you might be anxious to know how they are."

"I am indeed," says Abbot, cordially, "and thank you for coming. How is Miss Warren to-day?"

"She keeps her room, as is natural after one has been so agitated, and of course she does not like to speak of the matter, and has forbidden my telling the doctor—her father, I mean. But he will be sitting up to-morrow, probably, and—I thought you might like to see them. He is sleeping quietly now."

"Yes, I want very much to see him, as soon as he is well enough to talk, and if the young lady should be well enough to come out into the parlor this afternoon, or take the air on the piazza, will you let me know?"

The nurse's smiles of assent are beaming. Whether she too has seen that photograph, Abbot cannot tell. That she has had the feminine keenness of vision in sighting a possible romance is beyond question. The secret service official is at Abbot's side as he turns back from the door.

"I shall see you again, perhaps to-morrow," he says; "meantime there is a good deal for us to do;" and before the nurse has reached the sick man's door, she is politely accosted by the same urbane young man, and is by no means sorry to stop and talk with somebody about her sad-faced old patient and his wonderfully pretty daughter.

It was Abbot's purpose to devote a little time that afternoon to answering the letter received but yesterday from Miss Winthrop. It needs no telling — the fact that there had never been a love affair in their engagement; and no one can greatly blame a woman who is dissatisfied with a loveless match. Viva Winthrop was not so unattractive as to be destitute of all possibility of winning adorers. Indeed, there was strong ground for believing that she fully realized the bliss of having at least one man's entire devotion. Whatsoever evil traits may have cropped out in Mr. Hollins's army career, *she* had seen nothing of them, and knew only his thoughtful and lover-like attentions while they were abroad, and his assiduous wooing on his return. Paul Abbot had never asked for her love—indeed, he had hardly mentioned the word as incidental to their engagement. Nevertheless, yielding to what she had long been taught to consider her fate, she had accepted the family arrangement—and him —and was the subject of incessant and enthusiastic congratulation. Abbot's gallant service and distinguished character as an officer had won the hearty admiration of all the circle in which she lived and moved and had her being, and she was thought an enviable girl to have won the love of so brave and so promising a man. A little more reserved and cold than ever had Miss Winthrop become, and the smile with which she thanked these many well-wishers was something wintry and weary in the last degree. If he had only loved her, there might have bloomed in her heart an answering passion that would have filled her nature, and made her proudly happy in her choice. But that he had never had for her anything more than a brother and sister, boy and girl sort of affection—a kind, careless, yet courteous tenderness—was something she had to tell herself time and again, and to hear as well from the letters of a man whose letters she should have forbidden.

Even in his astonishment at the charge brought against him, and in his indignation at the accusation of deceit, Paul Abbot cannot but feel that allowances must be made for Viva Winthrop. He meant to marry her, to be a loyal and affectionate husband; but he had not loved her as women love to be loved, and she was conscious of the lacking chord. That she had been deceived and swindled, too, by some shameless scoundrel, and made to believe in her *fiancé's* guilt, was another thing that was plain to him. She had probably been told some very strong story of his interest in this other girl. Very probably, too, Hollins was the informer, and presumably the designer of the plot. Who can tell how deep and damnable it was, since it had been carried so far as to induce the Warrens to believe that he was the writer of scores of letters from the front? Then again, ever since he had raised that fainting girl in his arms, especially ever since the moment when her lovely eyes were lifted to his face and her sweet lips murmured his name, Paul Abbot has been conscious of a longing to see her again. Not an instant has he been able to forget her face, her beauty, her soft touch, the wave of color that rushed to her brow as he met her at her father's door when the nurse brought her, still trembling, back to the old man's bedside. He had murmured some hardly articulate words, some promise of coming to inquire for her on the morrow, and bowed his adieu. But now—now, he feels that not only Genevieve, but that Bessie Warren too, has been made a victim of this scoundrel's plottings, and, though longing to see her and hear her speak again, he knows not what to say. It was hard enough to have to deny himself to the poor old doctor when he came out to the Monocacy. *Could* he look in her face and tell her it was all a fraud; that some one had stolen and sent her his picture? some one had stolen and used his name, and, whatsoever were the letters, all were forgeries? No! He must wait and see Dr. Warren, and let her think him come back to life—let her think they *were* his letters—rather than face her and say it was all a lie. Yet he longs to see her once again.

But to Viva he must write without further delay. Her letter unquestionably frees him, and does it with a brusqueness that might excuse a man for accepting the situation without a word. If the engagement has ever been irksome to him it is now at an end, and he is in no wise responsible. Giving him no opportunity for denial, she has accused him of breach of faith and cast him off. Wounded pride, did he love her deeply, might now impel him to be silent. A sense of indignity and wrong might drive many a man to turn away at such a juncture, and leave to the future the unravelling of the plot. There are moments, it must be confessed, when Major Abbot is so stung by the letter that he is half disposed to take it as final, and let her bear the consequences of discovery of the fraud; but they are quickly followed by others in which he is heartily ashamed of himself for such a thought. Right or wrong, Viva Winthrop is a woman who has given her life into his hands; a woman who has been reared in every luxury only to be denied the one luxury a woman holds most precious of all. He has not been a devoted lover any more than he has been disloyal; and now that trouble has come to her, and she is deceived, perhaps endangered, Major Abbot quietly decides that the only obvious course for a gentleman to follow is to crush his pride under foot and to act and think for her. And this, after several attempts, is what he finally writes her:

"Your letter came last night, dear Viva, and I have thought long over it before answering. It is all my fault that this constraint has hung over your letters. I have seen it for months, and yet made no effort until lately to have it explained. Long ago, had I done so, you would probably have given me the reason, and I could have assured you of the error into which you were led. Now it seems that you and I are not the only ones involved.

"Neither to Miss Warren nor any other girl have I written since our engagement; but her father has been to see me, and tell me that many letters purporting to come from me have been received, and I have hardly time to recover from that surprise when your indignant charge is added. Taken together, the two point very strongly to a piece of villainy. You could never have believed this of me, Viva, without proofs; and I feel sure that letters must have been sent to you. Now that we are pushing every effort to detect and punish the villain who has wrought this, and I fear other wrongs, such letters will be most important evidence, and I conjure you to send them to me by express at once. Father would come for them, but I need him here. I do not seek to inquire into your personal correspondence, Viva, but letters that bear upon this matter are of vital weight.

"As to my dismissal, may I not ask you to reconsider your words; and, in the light of my assurance that I am innocent of the sin with which you have charged me, permit me to sign myself, as ever, lovingly and faithfully yours,

"PAUL."

It is no easy letter to write. He wants to be calm and just, and that makes it sound cold and utterly unimpassioned. Beyond doubt she would be far happier with a fury of reproaches, cutting sarcasm, and page after page of indignant denial.

He also wants to be tender when he thinks of what he has not had to lavish on her in the past, and that prompts him to the little touch of sentiment at the close—a touch that is perhaps unwarranted by the facts in the case. There is a third matter, one that he does not want to mention at all, a name he hates to put on any page addressed to her; but he knows that it is due her she should be told the truth, and at last, just as sunset is coming, he adds a postscript:

"I feel that I must tell you that Mr. Hollins has been missing ever since Antietam, under circumstances that cloud his name with grave suspicion. It is no longer concealed that his conduct and character have left him practically friendless in the regiment, and that he could not long have retained his position. He is not worthy the friendship you felt for him, Viva; of that I am certain."

He is still pondering over this when his father comes in for a word or two.

"I am going over to call at Dr. Warren's room and ask how he is. Possibly he may be able to see me. Have you written to—"

And he stops. He does not feel like saying "Viva" to or of the girl who has so misjudged his boy.

Abbot holds up the letter and its addressed envelop.

"Yes; and it must go at once or miss the mail."

"I'll post it for you, then, as I have to go to the office a moment," is the answer, and the elder stands looking at his son while the latter quickly scans the last page, then folds and encloses it. Paul smiles into his father's eyes as he hands it, and the letter-bearer goes briskly away.

His footsteps have hardly become inaudible when there is a tap at the door, and behold! the nurse.

"You told me you would like to know when Miss Warren came out, major. She is on the veranda now."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

"IF PEACE AND LOVE WERE ONE."

SWEETHEART, if Peace and Love were one,
How golden bright, from sun to sun,
The summer hours would come and go,
So darkened now with fear and woe—
If Peace and Love were one!

Ah! why, beneath the changing sky,
When Love pursues, doth fair Peace fly,
And at the portal of the heart
When young Love knocks, doth Peace depart—
Beneath the changing sky?

Yet if we 'twixt the twain must choose,
If either Peace or Love must lose,
Shall we not cry, "Come, Love, with Pain,
Though never Peace return again!—"
If 'twixt the twin we choose?

Alas! not till Life sighs, "Adieu!"
Not till the red rose-bloom is through,
Comes Peace to lie upon Love's breast,
With roses white to crown his rest—
Not till Life sighs, "Adieu!"

KATHARINE PHILLIPS WILLIAMS.

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN MINOR TACTICS.

THE science of warfare, like all other sciences, has developed greatly within the past few years, and like them too it has become more and more subdivided, and the subdivisions have gained greater and greater importance, until to-day the subject of minor tactics, formerly of only subordinate value in the eyes of the military world, is the grand military subject that occupies the nations of Europe.

Minor tactics is that subdivision of the science of war which relates to the operations in the vicinity of and on the battle-field. It is properly divided into *prescribed* tactics, including all specially prescribed movements, formations, and actions, and *applied* tactics, including the application of the prescribed tactics to ever-varying situations. The object of drill and the prescribed tactics is to prepare the material and to teach the proper formations and movements under *normal* conditions. These normal conditions rarely if ever occur in practice. The topography of the ground is the chief element which brings to bear influences modifying the normal formations. In these modifying influences, then, is found the importance of the study of applied tactics. These influences are infinitely varied; they cannot all be considered in any work on the subject; hence the importance (and indeed necessity) of determining the principles governing the mode of varying the normal formations, and of applying these principles to various kinds of ground. These principles can be fixed only by constant practice; indeed the knowledge of them and familiarity with them should amount to second nature with the subordinate officer. To accomplish this result is the object of the system of practical instruction in use in Europe—at the military academies, at the schools of application, and at every post and garrison throughout the armies.

The European system of instruction consists in delivering lectures on special parts of minor tactics, giving the normal formations, movements, or actions, together with the simpler variations resulting from the more ordinary variations in topography and other modifying influences, and then solving problems in the field illustrative of the special subjects discussed. The practical work in the field is intended to place the officer in time of peace in a position as closely resembling an actual position in time of war as is possible. The commanding officer of a post or camp of instruction takes his officers to the point where the officer whose duties are to be considered in the particular problem is supposed to have been when he received his orders. Each officer is mounted, and provided with a map, a compass, a note-book, and a pencil. The commanding officer then dictates the general situation of his own troops, and so much of the enemy's position as is liable to be known in time of actual war. When the officers have oriented themselves on the map, he dictates the special orders supposed to have been received by the commandant of a company, a squadron, or a battery, located at the time exactly where the officers under instruction are assembled. These orders may involve the performance of any duty liable to arise in active service, such as the reconnoissance of the enemy's position, the establishment of outposts, the destruction of a railroad, the duties of advance guards and rear guards, the movements of the artillery in the different stages of a battle, and its conduct in each position. The general position and the special orders received are copied into the note-book.

The main question that arises is, What will you do? The answer to this question involves several considerations:

1. The military estimation of the ground.
2. The plan of action.
3. The orders issued, and the execution of the plan.

The commanding officer questions each officer in turn on each of these points, and approves or corrects according to the character of the answers. Thus he may ask what kind of ground are we to operate on? Can our troops manœuvre freely? What effect has the character of the ground on the special duty we are called upon to perform? Then the plan of action proposed by each officer is discussed, and finally each officer writes in his note-book the orders which he, as commandant of the company, squadron, or battery, would give to his officers. These will furnish subject-matter for a future lecture. The commanding officer then gives his own solution.

The execution is then considered in its different stages, the group of officers moving from point to point as the battle or other action develops. In order to accustom the officers to "orient" themselves readily, the commandant often halts in places where there is no lookout, causes the maps to be examined, and asks, Where are we now? Occasionally an officer is suddenly ordered to some distant point, with no instructions as to the route, but left entirely to his own judgment. In reconnoissances the officers move exactly where the separate patrols would march. Finally, each officer is required to make tracings of the position of the troops at particular moments, in order that he may become familiar with the relations of time and space. After the full discussion of the problem in this manner it is actually executed with troops.

The great importance and practical value of such a system of instruction is apparent. The officer is placed in a position exactly similar to that in which he would be placed in time of war, and is required to act under exactly similar circumstances. It makes the officer conversant with the duties that will be required of him, teaches him the principles of minor tactics, inspires him with confidence in himself, promotes an active interest in his profession, makes him familiar with the country surrounding his post or camp, cultivates his eyes in reading topography, enables him to act promptly and intelligently under difficulties, and gives him a conception of actual service not otherwise attainable in time of peace. The principal and almost the only military duties required at the posts of the regular army of the United States and the camps of instruction of the National Guard have been until quite recently drill, target practice, and guard duty. These are undoubtedly important duties, not only because they prepare the material and render it flexible and useful, but also because they contribute so much to the general discipline of the troops. But altogether too much importance has been attached to these duties in that they have been generally considered, not only by the officers of the National Guard, but also by the officers of the regular army, as all-sufficient to prepare an army for war. Necessary as they are, they are but the preliminary measures in this preparation, and require for their completion practice in the handling of troops under circumstances resembling as closely as possible the circumstances of war. This practice interferes in no way with the other duties, for they may go on at the same time, and indeed form part thereof, but, on the contrary, it gives to them a practical meaning, and converts simple "barrack-square tactics" into true field service. One of the greatest sources of weakness of the armies during our civil war was the general lack of knowledge in this branch of the art of war. The principles of strategy had been studied, and were comparatively well known, but the principles of minor tactics had to be learned by sad experience. Thus, for example, in discussing the battle of Chancellorsville, *Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion* says:

> "The movement by which Chancellorsville was reached, and the Confederate position rendered worthless, was brilliantly conceived and admirably executed."

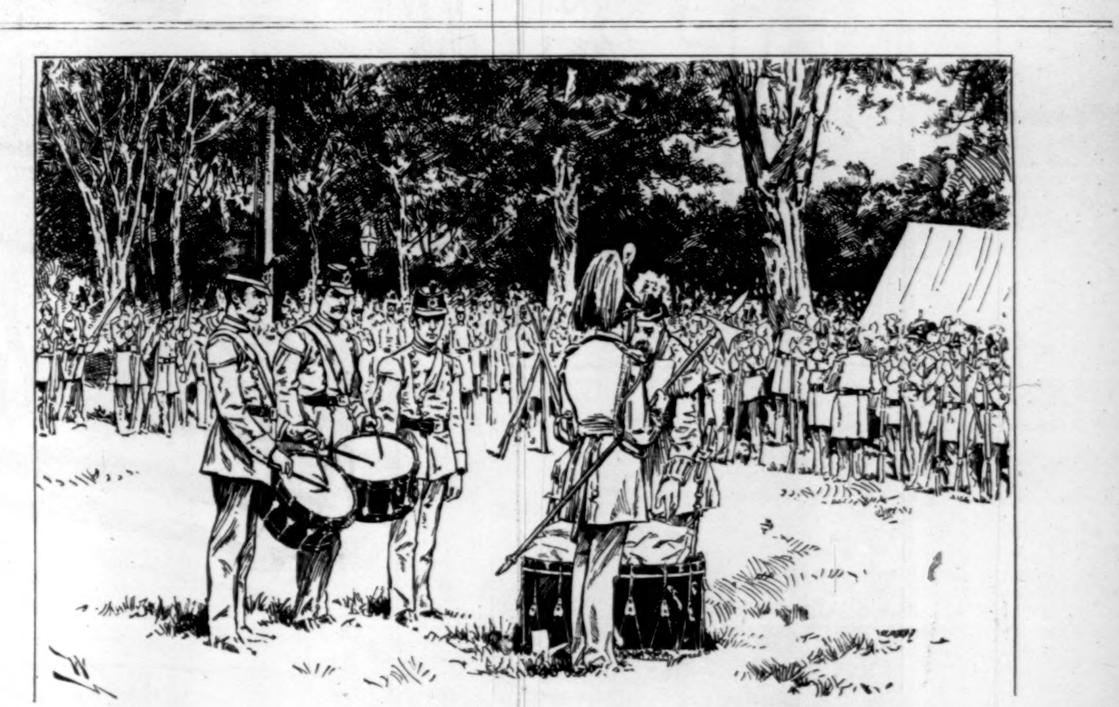
Evidently, then, the *grand tactics* of this battle were not in fault. Let us see further:

> "JACKSON, after a toilsome march of ten hours, halted for three hours in open ground, not two miles from the Union lines. A single picket sent for a mile up a broad road would have discovered the whole movement.... The only thing which could have lost the battle of that day was the abandonment of the position at Hazel Grove."

Knowledge of the principles of grand tactics had prepared the way for a brilliant victory, but ignorance of the principles of minor tactics nevertheless resulted in defeat.

But of what use has the knowledge and experience acquired by the older officers, not only in the civil war, but also in our numerous Indian campaigns, been to the younger generation? It has been generally lost. By a system of practical instruction, however, such as that described, all such experience may be preserved by simply making the officers who have seen service the instructors of those who have not.

The importance attached to this subject in the European armies is a sufficient evidence of its practical value. Even in the English armies it is made the basis of the examinations for promotion. In our own army it is gradually gaining a foothold. It has been introduced at Willet's Point and at West Point, and has met with general approval at both these posts. The system has been adopted for the camps of instruction and the marches of instruction which are to take place in the coming summer in the departments of the Platte, the Columbia, and the Missouri, and General SCHOFIELD has recommended its adoption throughout the army to the War Department. The efforts that are being made in the National Guard as well as in the regular army to have manœuvres of some kind indicate the general interest in the subject; and the necessity for the adoption of a system of instruction in minor tactics will be felt all the more keenly when field manœuvres are an accomplished fact, for without a sufficient knowledge of the principles of minor tactics, field manœuvres of any practical value will be impossible, and even if they take place they may do more harm than good by teaching false principles. The soldier's true sphere is the field of action, and he who can act with the best judgment under given circumstances is the best soldier. Such judgment can only be acquired by constant study and practice. In the words of Sir CHARLES NAPIER, "Young men on joining their regiments have all the temptations in the world to pleasure, none to study; and they some day find themselves compromised on service from want of knowledge, not of talent."



A DRUM-HEAD ELECTION ON BOSTON COMMON.

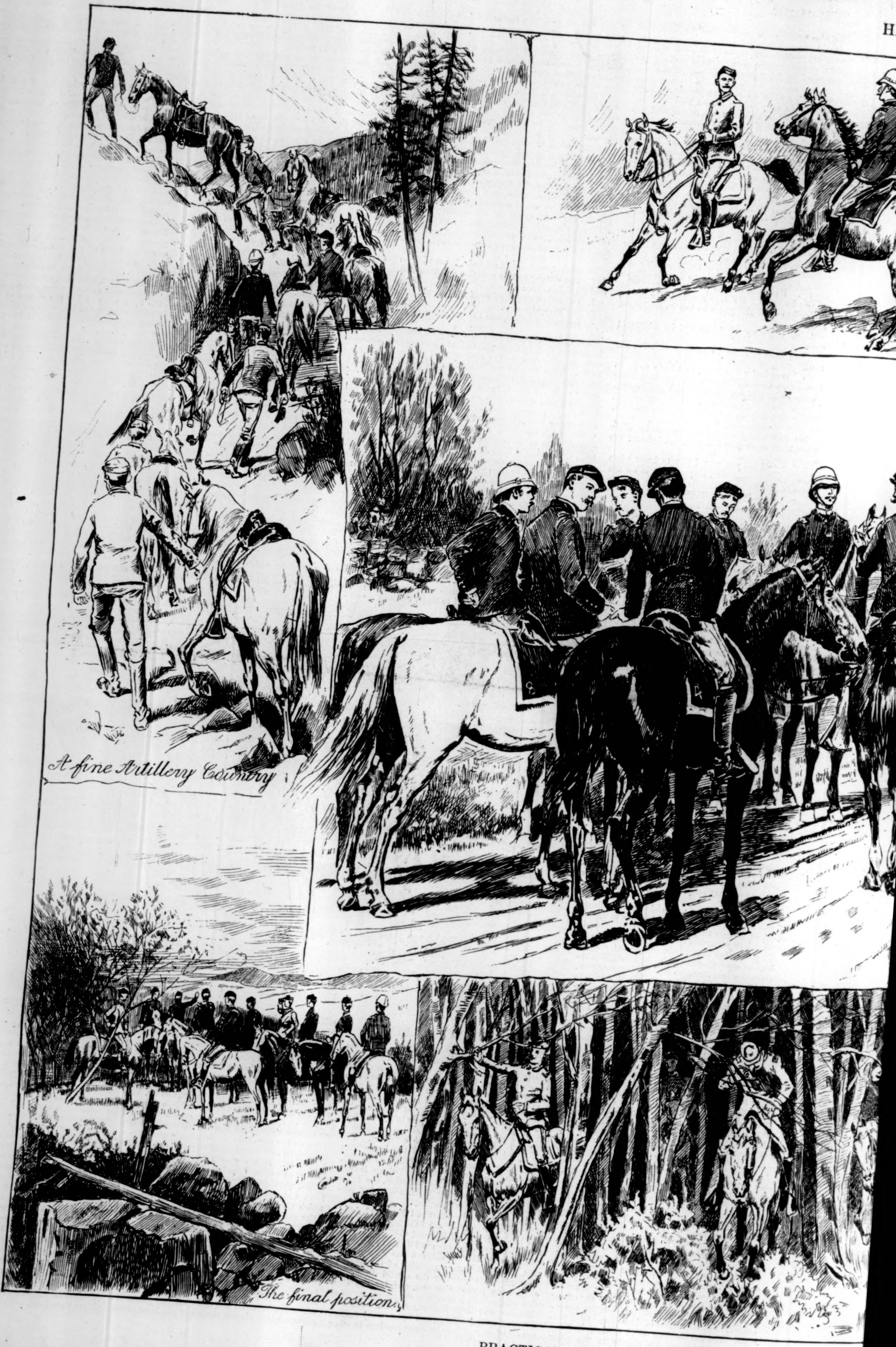
MOST ANCIENT SOLDIERY.

ON the 4th of June the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston celebrated its 250th anniversary. An institution of that age is rare in this country, and its festival was made the more interesting from the presence of representatives from an organization even a century older, the Honourable Artillery Company of London, who had crossed the ocean to take part in it. In Captain RAIKES's history of the London company a chapter is given to the Boston company. The only two honorary members of the latter have been Prince ALBERT and the Prince of Wales, Colonels of the former, while to Colonel HENRY WALKER, of the Boston organization, the Duke of Portland, commanding the London, sent congratulations on its celebration.

The company was chartered March 17, 1638, only eight years after the founding of Boston, and two after that of Harvard College. On the first Monday of June occurred its first election of officers, when ROBERT KEAYNE was chosen Captain, and JOHN WILSON preacher of the sermon. That fixed the date for the annual drum-head election on Boston Common, and for the election sermon which always accompanies it. The company was largely meant to be a school or union of militia officers, and hence many though not all of its members hold commissions in other military organizations. Three major-generals belonged to it the first year, and since then others have been members of it, as well as Lieutenant-General JOHN WALLEY, of Boston. The preachers have included INCREASE and COTTON MATHER, WIGGLESWORTH, MATHER BYLES, KIRKLAND, EDWARD EVERETT, PALFREY, CODMAN, HEDGE, LOTHROP, KING, PHILLIPS BROOKS, and many other celebrities of Boston and its vicinity, and Dr. VINTON, Dr. OSGOOD, and Dr. STORRS, of New York.

The companies in which the members served as officers were prohibited by law from assembling on the day of its annual election, and town meetings in or near Boston were also not to be held then. In the year 1820, to diminish the burden caused by the cost of procuring two uniforms, members were permitted to wear the uniform and insignia of the other companies to which they belonged, and hence arose that singular variety of costume in the ranks which has ever since been a distinguishing feature of the Ancients and Honorables. With a single day's parade each year for the election, sermon, and dinner, naturally the organization has long existed mainly for social purposes.

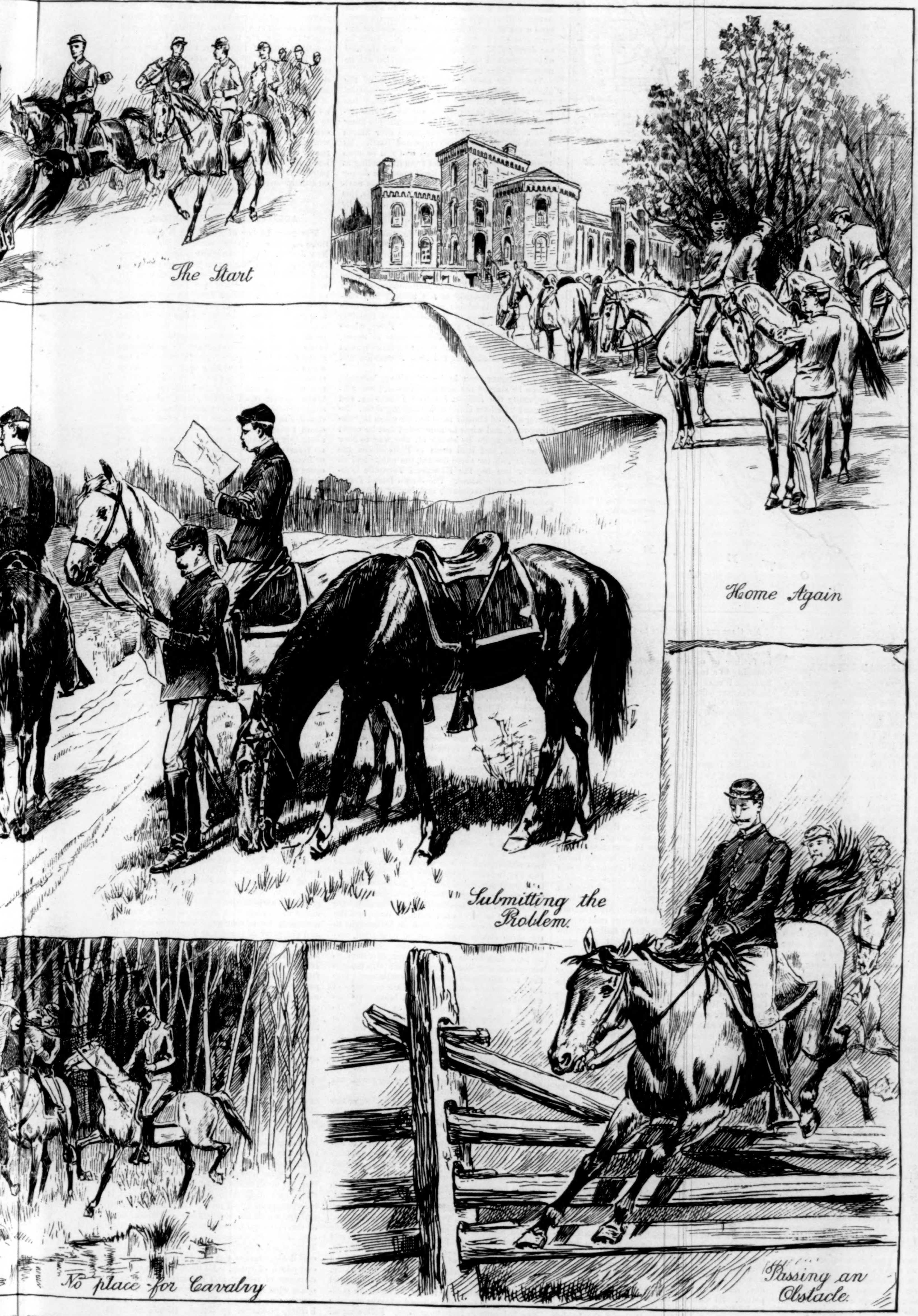
The celebration of June 4th began early in the morning with a procession through the crowded streets from Faneuil Hall to the State House, where the Governor and other officials joined the column, which already contained the London delegation, Major A. DURANT commanding, the Old Guards of New York, 150 strong, Major G. W. McLEAN commanding, and many other military and civilian guests. At the Old State House a halt was ordered, and a photograph of the parade taken. At the State House a salute was given to Governor AMES. Then the march was made to the so-called "New Old South Church," and arms were stacked on Boylston Street. In the church the most noteworthy services were the singing of a hymn written by Major C. W. STEVENS, a former commander, and of an ode for the occasion by Dr. T. W. PARSONS, a sermon by Rev. Dr. PHILLIPS BROOKS on the text, "Thy kingdom come," and the hymn "God Save the Queen," or "America." As soon as the troops left the church, field-pieces on the Common began a salute of 250 guns, while the column marched to Faneuil Hall, which had been most profusely decorated, there to partake of the annual dinner. It is traditional for the preacher of the day to ask the blessing on this occasion. Speeches and toasts followed, and one of the most interesting of the former was made by the venerable R. C. WINTHROP, who had also responded to a toast fifty years before, on the 200th anniversary of the company, of which he was then a member. Then the column was marched, as usual, to Boston Common, where the annual election of officers took place and salutes were fired.



A fine Artillery Country

The final position

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN MINOR TACTICS AT



The Start

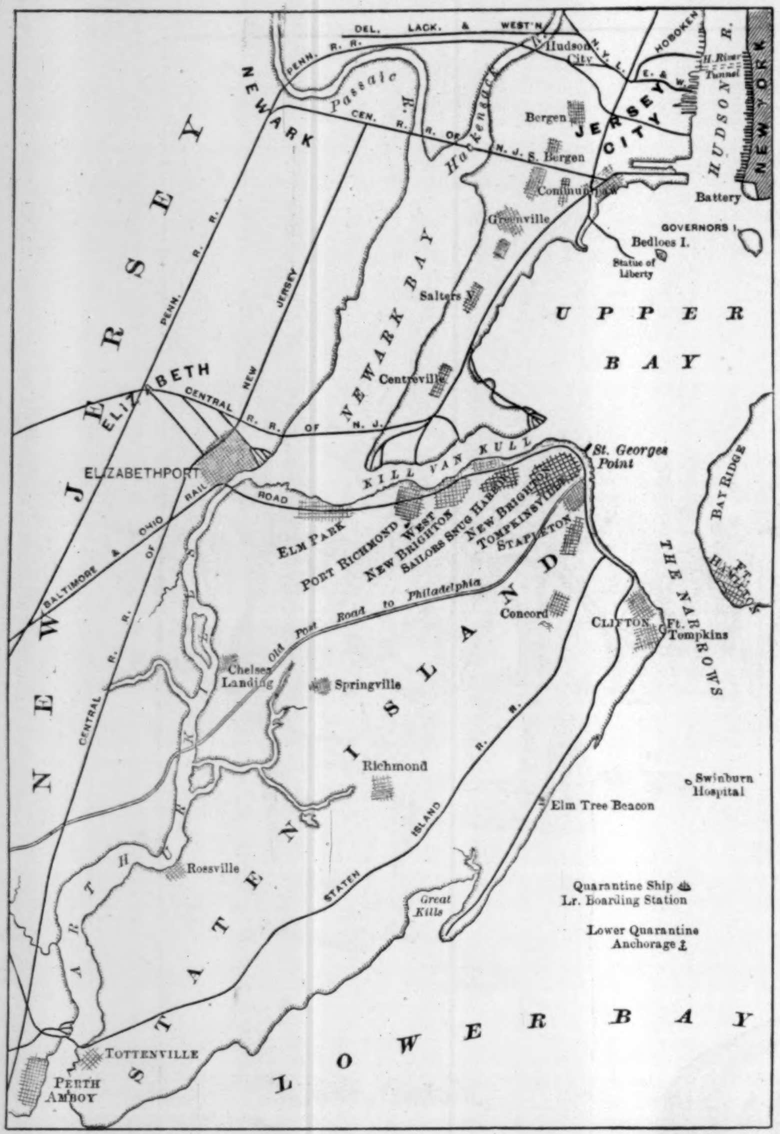
Home Again

Submitting the Problem.

No place for Cavalry

Passing an Obstacle.

AT WEST POINT.—Drawn by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 431.]



THE PORT OF NEW YORK.

THE NEW RAILROAD TERMINI.

We present our readers to-day an accurate map of Staten Island and its surroundings, with the view of showing its several railway and other approaches. It is not only one of the most beautiful, interesting, and important suburbs of New York, but, lying directly on the path to Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, as well as upon our roadstead from the sea, it constitutes one of the most valuable adjuncts of the port. Its healthy position, its bold shores, and well-sheltered anchorages are too well known to need more than passing mention. Recent railroad complications have attracted unusual attention to it, and the bridging of the Arthur Kill by the Rapid Transit Company at a point to make connection with the Pennsylvania Railroad system, the Central Railroad of New Jersey, and the projected New York branch of the Baltimore and Ohio has elicited unlooked-for competition in another direction. The Vanderbilt system, now controlling the West Shore Railroad under a perpetual lease, has projected a new line from its terminus at Weehawken all the way to Bergen Point, opposite Staten Island, intersecting on the way all the great trunk lines now entering New York from the north, the west, and the south. The greater part of this route is already in active operation, the extreme southern section only awaiting completion. It will be readily seen that the competition which we have spoken of is a competition for the island rather than against it, and is in recognition of the necessity existing for its utilization in the general interests of commerce.

But there is an interesting bit of history connected with all this which it would be well to understand. It is well known that on the day of the death of Mr. Vanderbilt (December 8, 1884) he had an interview with Mr. Robert Garrett. There was no third party present at that interview, but it was understood to have been in reference to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and Staten Island. Mr. Chauncey M. Depew had a previous appointment with Mr. Vanderbilt on that day, but waived it in favor of Mr. Garrett. Mr. Depew never saw Mr. Vanderbilt again alive. The interview lasted about an hour, and was suddenly brought to an end by Mr. Vanderbilt falling from his seat in an apoplectic fit and dying without a struggle.

It was generally known that the West Shore Railroad Company had been for some time in treaty with Mr. Vanderbilt for a transfer of their franchise, which he had uniformly resisted. But upon looking at the map it was easy to see that a prolongation of that road would lead directly to Staten Island, and take up on its way the business of as many of the roads crossing Bergen Neck as might choose to enter into the scheme. Here was a suggestion that might reconcile all interests, and constitute upon Staten Island an entrepôt worthy of the great port of the continent.

Mr. Garrett never refers to that interview nor to its tragic close. There were no witnesses, the two men were alone, and he was not in a position to further or oppose the scheme. But in responding to a toast at a banquet given to him by Erastus Wiman on Staten Island eight days after, Mr. Garrett said that the entrance of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad into New York by means of the proposed route was "a tribute to the sagacity of the late William H. Vanderbilt, who originally proposed it to Mr. Franklin B. Gowen, of the Reading Railroad." It is further to be observed that about a year after (January 1, 1886), Mr. Depew, the confidential friend of Mr. Vanderbilt, and President of the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company, effected on the part of his company a perpetual lease of the West Shore Railroad. The very next month (February, 1886) the articles of association of "the New Jersey Junction Railroad Company" were formed, and in the spring of the following year that road was in operation, under lease to the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company. Thus the Vanderbilt roads secured substantial terminal facilities all along the Jersey shore, with interchange of business west and south over all the great trunk lines. And last March the same parties in interest from whom they had leased the Junction road organized the "Bayonne and Jersey City Railroad Company," terminating at Bergen Point, and commanding the entire situation.

An influential financial journal, in a recent article on the subject, says: "The branch lines of the Junction and Bayonne roads will touch the water-front three times — at Cavan's Point, at Constable Hook, and at Bergen Point proper. The first two may be explained on commercial grounds consistent with the line of road as outlined. The last-named suggests irresistibly a line of passage to Staten Island." Indeed, there is no escape from the inference that the Bayonne road, being incorporated by Pennsylvania and New York Central influence, means an entrance upon Staten Island from the north. At the same time we find the Baltimore and Ohio handicapped by the syndicate which Mr. Garrett had consulted, and harmonious relations with other lines imposed upon it instead of the belligerent attitude hitherto assumed. Whether its surveyed line from Bound Brook to Elizabethport is to be abandoned or not, certain it is Staten Island is not to be "gobbled up" by this one interest, but that, in exchange for passenger and freight terminals, all the lines are likely to enter upon terminal facilities at Staten Island upon equal terms.

In whatever aspect and from whatever point of view it is to be regarded, therefore, Staten Island looms up in the near future as an important factor. A great bridge even now connects it with the main-land. A few years ago there was a single bridge thrown over the chasm at Niagara; now there are three, and more are contemplated. So with the bridge now just completed at Elizabethport; it is the mere forerunner of others. The Pennsylvania Railroad, the Lehigh Valley, and the Central Railroad of New Jersey are already at Amboy as well as at Elizabeth and Rahway, and will soon find means to span the Arthur Kill at other points. There are six thousand acres of marsh lands to be reclaimed on the west shore of Staten Island, and much more on the Jersey side. These must soon feel the heel of progress, and yield to the demands that will be made upon them.

There has been a veritable "battle of the giants" going on in all this matter for several years. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has been seeking a passenger as well as a traffic terminus at New York, and it is interesting to know that in this newly discovered route over Staten Island history has simply repeated itself. By reference to the map a dotted line will be seen running across Staten Island from the landing at Tompkinsville, and losing itself upon the Jersey shore. Very early in the history of steam navigation, and long before the days of railroads, this was the identical "short-line route" secured by the enterprise of Governor Tompkins between New York and Philadelphia. Nautilus Hall which still overlooks the Tompkinsville landing, and Bolivar Hall at the next crossing, were so named after the two steam-boats which constituted the original Staten Island Ferry from "Whitehall," and drove the periaguas of the Vanderbilts and Van Duzers out of business. Elegant four-in-hand coaches met these ferry-boats at the landing and conveyed the Philadelphia passengers directly over the highest ridges of the island, in a line due west to the "New Blazing Star" Ferry, where they were taken to the Jersey shore in scows, thence by highway to the village of Rahway, and so on to Philadelphia *vid* New Brunswick and Trenton.

Vanderbilt soon broke this all up, however, when he started the steamer *Emerald*, and subsequently the *Bellona*, for New Brunswick, and opened "Bellona Hall" at his landing there. He never allowed himself to be beaten much in "the long-run," and when he announced that he could take passengers by steam all the way to New Brunswick, and land them in Philadelphia the next day, all for three dollars, the public had no further use for the Richmond Turnpike Company and its coaches. The Staten Island Ferry, however, still remained, and hourly trips were subsequently established. The poet Halleck, in recounting the adventures of one of his local heroes, says "he had been

> "In a steam-boat of the Vice-President's
> To Staten Island once for fifty cents."

We have thus not only the fact of the ferry and the ownership thereof, but the rate of fare. And fifty cents was fifty cents in those times—equal to at least a dollar nowadays.

Cornelius Vanderbilt, who abandoned his little periagua for the steam-boat, and his steam-boat for the rail, was simply quick to recognize the inevitable current of events. If he had lived to this day he would have been among the first to notice that bridges had become a vital necessity of inland commerce, though his successors bitterly opposed Erastus Wiman, who of late years has been the chief promoter of this great project. The intellect which solved the problem of the bridge at Arthur Kill, by discerning certain local forces which would soon demand still other bridges, clearly indicated the policy which we now see developing upon the Jersey peninsula. Indeed the bridge, of which we present a sketch to-day, has a peculiar historic interest, not only in regard to this matter, but to the legislative and judicial annals of the time. It has been fought over by great interests, and in it there has finally been established, by the highest authority, an important principle, arising from the natural evolutions of the age, and recognizing the survival of the fittest.

Steam and electricity are the motors of to-day, and it has come now to be authoritatively settled that although there was a time, a generation or two ago, when bridges were justly regarded as impediments to commerce, they have now become a prime necessity, and most important auxiliaries and factors. The smoke-stacks of steamers have been made to bow in deference to them, and the tall masts of our river craft must be brought to the same obsequiousness, or be submitted, perhaps, to some lateen modifications. It has come to pass that masts are no longer necessary to navigation, and where they interfere with bridges they are absolutely inimical to commerce. Our noble rivers are no longer adequate highways of communication. We find them bridged or tunnelled in every direction. From Brooklyn to Niagara, from Montreal to the Rio Grande, the St. Lawrence, the Hudson, the Delaware, the Susquehanna, the Potomac, the Missouri, the Mississippi, the Ohio, bold streams and broad estuaries alike, are covered with rails of steel, over which by night and by day, in fair weather or foul, the steam-horse goes snorting and puffing with his ponderous trains.

It must be observed that this is no longer the mere port of New York. It has become the principal Atlantic port of the entire northern continent. Goods are now entered here in bond for Chicago and all our principal inland ports of entry. The necessity, therefore, of a comprehensive entrepôt at the very portal of the sea is daily becoming more and more imperative. In view of this necessity our railroad magnates, with the characteristic astuteness of shrewd business men, having already covered the Jersey shore from the Palisades to Bergen Point, have now pre-empted certain water-fronts on Staten Island, and have laid their rails and projected their ferries and bridges accordingly. A goodly share of our future export trade will soon seek Staten Island shores. Cotton docks have already gone there. Coal, grain, flour, beef, live-stock, provisions, and other exports will soon follow. Petroleum is already shipped from the railroad wharves opposite New Brighton in large quantities. Following all these, our bulky imports, such as tobacco, coffee, sugar, etc., with the necessary factories and refineries, will seek storage here, and set up their plants. Indeed, there is no reason why western exports should ever cross the Hudson at all—nor imports either, for that matter. The present vexatious cost of lighterage, and the unnecessary handling of goods in order to reach the ocean steamers at their wharves upon the Jersey shore, will drive the shipping and warehouse business to the south and eastern shores of Staten Island as soon as provision is made for its accommodation. There need be no legislation to control the matter. It will go there simply because it can no longer find standing-room elsewhere. A glance at the map will satisfy the reader as to the ample accommodation here at hand, wholly unappropriated, while the fact is patent that there is no longer available wharfage on either shore of the Hudson or East River.

F. L. Hagadorn.

ADDITIONS TO THE HARBOR.

The great harbor of New York is formed by three islands and a small corner of the State of New Jersey. The three great islands are Long Island on the east, Manhattan Island on the north, and Staten Island on the west. Manhattan Island, comprising the city of New York, is a tongue of land, with the Hudson River on one side and the East River on the other, which seems by nature to have been formed as the site for the great commercial centre that it is. But a stranger approaching the city would be struck with the absence of the great storehouses or warehouses along the front which in cities elsewhere in the world are the distinguishing mark of a concentrated commerce. There seems no storage facilities whatever, and the water-front for miles is taken up with retail market stores, saloons, and shops devoted to the sale of second-hand clothing, cigars, and retail produce. The great lines of ocean transportation which find a resting-place along this magnificent water-front seem to have no reservoir into which to deposit their cargoes, or from which to receive them. There is an absence of facility in the fact that the storage capacity of the whole water-front of New York is of the most meagre kind, and the expenses of transportation are therefore enormously increased. Another strange fact about New York city is that it is accessible by rail from the north only. The whole West and South, which is the great productive region of the United States, cannot reach New York except by transshipment across the Hudson River in barges or lighters, or else by sending their products around 189 miles to Albany, near the head of the Hudson River, and obtaining entrance to the lines of railway which run on the east side of that stream. Thus, so far as storage and shipping facilities are concerned, Manhattan Island is strangely cut off from regions the most productive for exporting purposes and the most absorbent for imported goods.

The second great division of the harbor, that of Long Island, is equally isolated. Brooklyn is nevertheless the great storage reservoir of the Atlantic coast; and there is more shipping and more wealth stored within its borders than is temporarily stored in all other places on the continent of North America combined. Yet it is utterly and completely inaccessible to railway transportation. Every dollar's worth of the vast accumulations of products from all parts of the world which is stored in the ample warehouses of Brooklyn has been brought hither by water and must be carried away by water. The cost of lighterage, towage, and the rehandling of every product that is exported or imported, and which must needs find a temporary stopping-place, is a serious tax upon the producer and consumer, no matter where they may be located. In former days, when the Erie Canal was the chief artery of commerce, it mattered little what was the destination of freight once loaded into the canal-boat, for it could be as easily conveyed to Brooklyn as to New York. But in these later days, when the giant of transportation is the railway, the continuance of commerce at Brooklyn is at a cost far exceeding its advantage. The variety, extent, and character of storage at Brooklyn may be illustrated by the fact that in one establishment alone a recent inventory showed that there were 189 articles included in the enumeration, starting from small seeds from India to be ground into perfumes, and ending with huge steam-engines waiting for opportunity for export. The Mediterranean fruit trade, which concentrates at Brooklyn, bears an enormous tax from the fact that every box of oranges, lemons, or limes has to be handled two or three times before it even reaches the point of departure for shipment west or south. Delay, breakage, cost of storage, lighterage, and stealage are all incidents and burdens that the commerce of New York has had to bear, and which, from the separation between the point of receipt, the point of storage, and the point of shipment—three distinct stages in the journey—have been a necessity hitherto.

So much for Manhattan Island, and so much for Long Island. The corner of New Jersey included in the harbor is, however, unique in its contribution to harbor accommodation. The distance from Communipaw—the extreme point jutting out into the bay—up to Weehawken, where the almost impassable Palisades are reached, is about two and a half miles. This limited space, through which the products of the continent filter as through a quill, is crowded to its utmost capacity. Ferry slips, essential to the traffic with New York, steam-ship lines, railway passenger depots, coal docks, express and fast freight lines, occupy every inch of space. All these are the essential elements of receipt and shipment, but leave no space whatever for the other great factor of commerce, viz., storage. This limited area in the harbor, possessed by Jersey, affords no room whatever for the independent merchant who would like to ship a few thousand tons of coal, a few thousand barrels of flour, cargoes of lumber, or any other bulky product requiring storage or shipping space. True, the most is made of the one or two railway elevators, and the railways do the best they can; but almost everything in the shape of storage facilities is at the largest cost with the smallest advantage. Jersey City is the outlet to the vast systems of trunk lines that concentrate here to reach the metropolis for passengers, and to reach the tonnage of the world for transportation of freight. Strangely enough, the great railway systems become constricted here in their approach to the harbor. The whole Pennsylvania Railroad system, which is the most magnificent in the world, and which penetrates a country continental in its extent, and productive almost beyond human belief, is limited to two tracks running through Elizabeth, and through Newark, and then into Jersey City; and when it ends its long journey has not more than a thousand feet of water-front into which to pour the vast resources that it taps throughout its thousands of miles of region of vast productive forces. So with the Erie, the Delaware and Lackawanna, the Jersey Central, and other roads. Great as may be their area permeated into the interior, they concentrate into the neck of a small vial when they reach their terminal point. The storage facilities of Jersey City up to the present time are of the most inadequate character, and will continue to be so long as the water-front is so valuable for shipping facilities. As in the case of New York, the cost of the property is too great to permit storage, for the interest charge on the value of the property would soon eat up the articles stored. Thus piers in New York are rented for $70,000 a year. These might do on which to store diamonds, but to store such cheap products as grain and cotton, which occupy large space in proportion to their ability to pay, in either New York or Jersey City is out of the question.

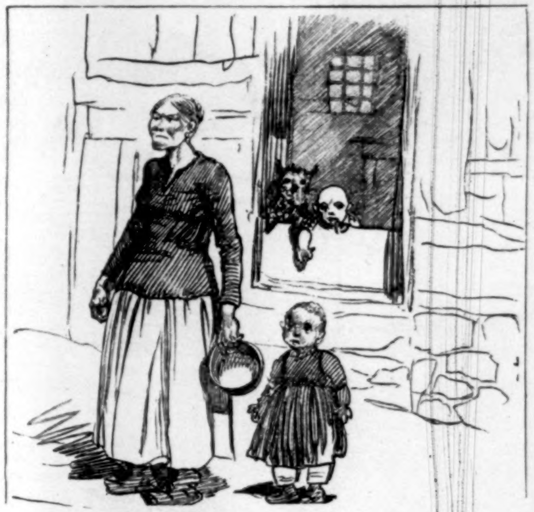
The stretch of water-front in New Jersey, from Communipaw to Constable's Hook, which is directly behind the Bartholdi statue and the Robbins Reef Light, is practically unavailable for the present, owing to the shallows which here prevail. At an expense of twenty-five to fifty millions of dollars this water-front might be rendered available for receipt, storage, and shipment, but it will be many a day before this can be done with profit.

The foregoing description, it will be recalled, applies to the eastern and northern shores of the harbor. There still remains the west shore, viz., that which is formed by Staten Island. This island, forming as it does the portion of the harbor wherein the water is on the average the deepest, has hitherto been almost utterly neglected as a commercial factor in the harbor: first, because of its apparent remoteness; and second, because of its separation from the main-land, and the impossibility of reaching it by rail. This fatal physical defect is now, however, surmounted, and within a very few days, by the construction of a railway bridge across the Arthur Kill, at Elizabeth, the whole shore front forming the west side of the harbor will be brought into direct communication with the great trunk railway systems of the continent. This bridge, authorized by Congress after a most desperate fight, succeeded by costly and tedious litigation, is now just completed. By the end of next month trains will be crossing the narrow stream of six hundred feet which hitherto has separated Staten Island from the main-land. The result of this will be that ten miles of the best water-front in the harbor of New York, hitherto inaccessible, will be rendered immediately available. The consequences will certainly be a very great revolution in the terminal facilities to be afforded within the harbor. Here it will be possible to perform the three great factors in the commerce of the country, viz., receipt, storage, and shipment, at one and the same time, and in one and the same place, at a minimum of cost, and with the maximum of advantage. Some idea of the advantage which this new railway connection affords to the shipping facilities of New York will be gleaned from the assertion of one of the best informed men in the country on this question when he said that "what it has taken millions of dollars in Birkenhead to do for Liverpool, the Kill van Kull will do for New York without the expenditure of a dollar." But aside from the fine stretch of water-front included in the Kills, is five miles of the best water in the bay, stretching from the outlet above St. George to the Narrows, at Fort Wadsworth, where there is a secure anchorage, abundant water, and natural bights for the safety of shipping in the first place, ample accommodation for storage of products and merchandise in the second, and complete accessibility by railway communication from the interior as the third great advantage. What the future has in store for the harbor of New York, with such a vast continent behind it, and the tonnage of the world floating on its bosom, no man can tell; but the contribution just now made to its facilities by rendering the splendid shore-front of Staten Island accessible to railway communication it will be admitted is of the most significant character in the line of improvement.

Following the construction of the Arthur Kill bridge, and the building of trunk-line terminals along the Staten Island shore, there looms in the distant future the construction of a tunnel underneath the Narrows, whereby the whole Brooklyn warehouse system could be brought into railway connection. This, with the completion of the bridge across the East River now authorized, would make possible a connection between the West, South, and the East of great advantage over existing methods of transportation. All this, however, is in the far future, while the development of the Staten Island shore seems at last within sight.

Erastus Wiman.

DEGRADED LABOR IN THE COAL MINES.



Misery, squalor, and poverty are always to be found in the coal regions of Pennsylvania. There is occasionally acute suffering. There are strikes, but not so many as there would be were it not for the terrible glut of working-men. There are more miners than there is work. There will be more miners than work at the end of the century if production makes only the normal advance, and if not a single foreign miner enters the country. Low wages, insufficient and unwholesome food, and lack of proper shelter are the lot of those who dig coal in the richest State of the Union. The laboring-men are slaves. Many of them come to this country prepared to submit to the most degrading conditions. They are content with a pittance, because they live on nearly nothing. So long as they can save a little they will remain satisfied.

With the exception of some of the more mountainous parts, where the villages struggle up the sides of hills, the houses finding footholds on ledges that are only a little larger than the goats absolutely demand, anthracite coal is dug under thrifty farms and smiling landscapes. The man who owns the surface owns also the minerals that are found in the bowels of the earth. He has no personal relations with those who dig. Some contractor or corporation pays him a royalty, and the only way in which he is disturbed by the labor that is going on under his fields is by a coal-breaker or culm heap that rises up to blot the rich beauty of the landscape, or by the miners' villages and huts, for even the imported laborers from Poland and Hungary must have roofs to shelter them.

These villages are collections of wretched hovels, and the imported working-men are the lowest types of human nature. Mr. Rogers has given us illustrations of the people and their homes. They are so graphic that we can read in them the story of the lives of the wage-earners in the mountains of Pennsylvania. The brutalized woman and her child are excellent illustrations of the lowest order of the Poles who find their way to this country. There is no lower human nature to be found among people living and working in a civilized country than is represented by this slattern, with her high cheek-bones, narrow and retreating forehead, and imperfect eyes. The child may grow to be somewhat better, but there cannot be much improvement, for the conditions under which these people live are all against advancement. There is the public-school system of a rich State, it is true, and there is also the law which prohibits the employment of children in the mines. The means of education are provided, and leisure is granted in the statute-book that the children may take advantage of them; but the wages of the parents are so pitiably small that the law against the employment of children is constantly broken, and they go into the mines to grow up dwarfed, or what is perhaps better for them, to be killed.

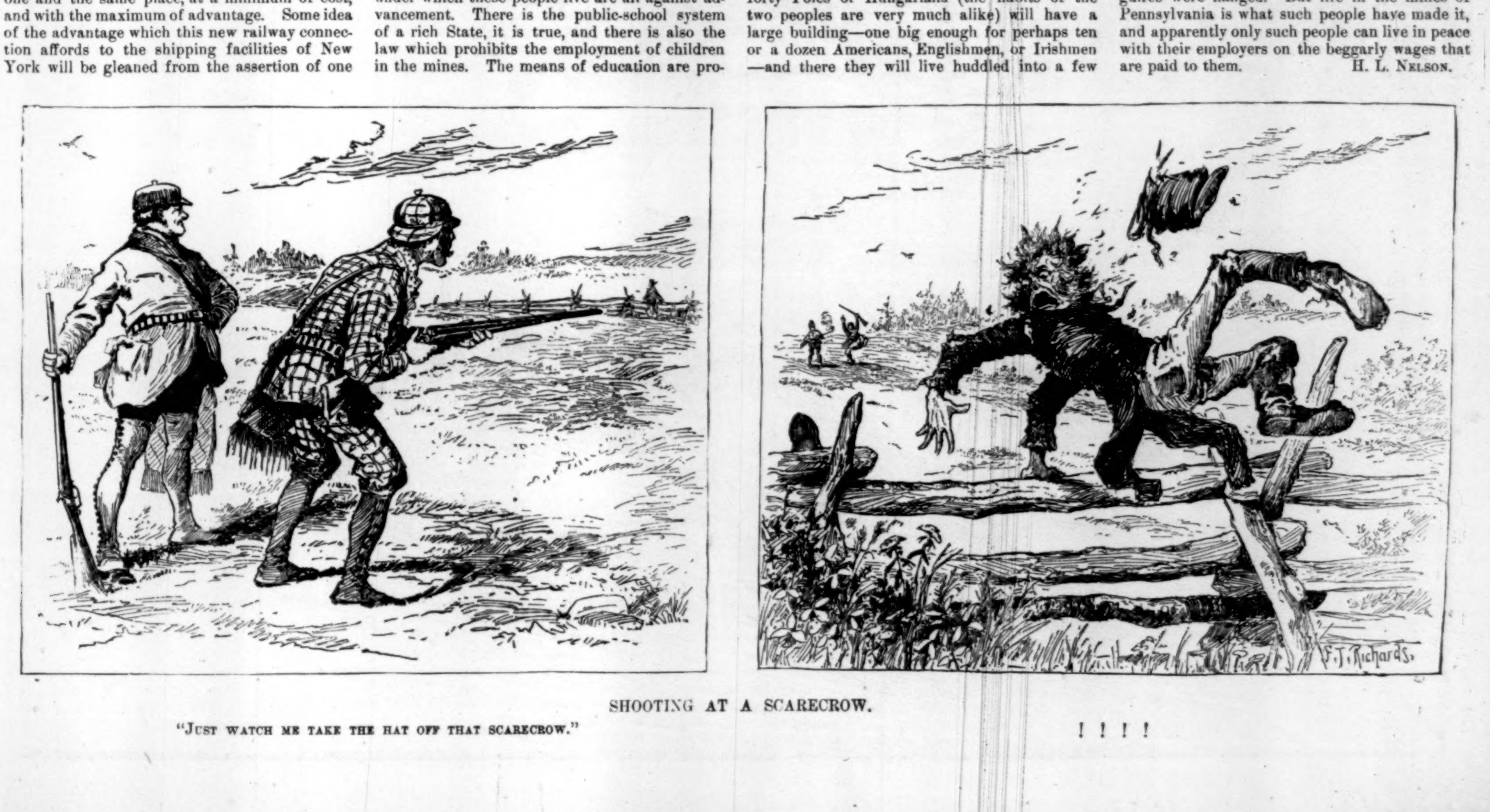
What kind of lives these people lead may be seen from the picture entitled "Moving In." The scene is not imaginary nor unusual. It is drawn from life, and the occurrence is common in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania. A Polish family is moving into the basement of one of the huts which are built for miners. The village is made up of such huts, brown or unpainted, consisting of three rooms, in which several people herd together. As a rule, not a green thing grows in such a hamlet. The dust of coal and the sombreness of poverty are everywhere. Several nationalities are found in these mining villages, but the Irishmen and Welshmen keep apart from the Poles and Hungarians, and eye them with disfavor. The foreigners have been brought into the country to lower wages and to make strikes ineffectual. Very few Americans and Englishmen are met with in the coal mines; they prefer the iron and steel mills. The thrifty Poles are in the habit of increasing their incomes by taking boarders. In this instance the boarder is cleaning the hovel by shovelling into the unkempt roadway the filth which was left behind by the last tenant. There are two rooms in the basement. A goat which bleats disconsolately in the rain and all the occupants will sleep indiscriminately in one of them. Sometimes thirty or forty Poles or Hungarians (the habits of the two peoples are very much alike) will have a large building—one big enough for perhaps ten or a dozen Americans, Englishmen, or Irishmen—and there they will live huddled into a few rooms, waited on and cooked for by a single woman of their own nationality. Their habits of life are too vile for detailed description. It is sufficient to say that a few cents buy their daily supply of food, the solid portion of which consists generally of the offal of the slaughter-houses that would be thrown away were these purchasers not at hand. The scrapings of the grocery stores, that would be swept into the gutters in the tenement-house districts of New York, complete their supply of food.

Miners who desire to live decently and wholesomely are faced with the problem of the company store. This institution is illegal, but it still exists, although it does not flourish so vigorously as it does in the bituminous regions. There are many devices for evading the law, but as a rule the men who operate the mines and pay the wages rent and sell to the wage-earners the huts in which they dwell, the clothes that they wear, and the food that they eat. What this means to the working-men may be determined from a single fact: during the last spring, when excellent butter was selling in the city markets for from 30 to 34 cents a pound, the miserable compound of grease that is found in the stores of Pennsylvania mining towns was bringing the same price. This is but an illustration of the high cost of living in the coal regions. There is nothing cheap except labor. Every one in the mines but the employers pays more than its worth for what he buys, whether it be shelter, clothes, or food.

Wages are very low in the coal regions. Laborers receive from 60 to 80 cents a day. Year in and year out, for the last ten years, during which time the cheap foreigners have been coming into the country in great numbers, the average daily wage for a common laborer has probably not been more than 70 cents a day. With the stopping of work, very few laborers make more than $12 a month the year round, and a third of this must go as rent for the shanty. Eight dollars a month is very little, in the expensive coal regions, for food, clothes, and medicines. There is many a miner who goes without dinner day after day, and who tightens his belt when noon comes. A piece of fresh meat is a luxury for holidays, and two or three cold potatoes are the usual contents of the dinner pail. There is no allowance made by the employers for accidents and illnesses. When the doctor is needed, each visit must be paid for when it is made. When rent-day comes, the rent is taken from the month's earnings, and if the head of the family can work no more, the family is turned out with all the bitter cruelty of "business." Wholesale evictions take place in Pennsylvania as well as in Ireland, and scenes of brutal indifference to human rights and of pitiless carelessness of human suffering may be seen in the one country as in the other.

It is because these are the conditions of life in the State which nature has filled with abundant riches that the most degraded and the cheapest labor of Europe has been imported. Men of a higher civilization revolted against their terrible fate. They were tempted to the commission of crime. Nearly twelve years ago the woods and mountains of Pennsylvania were ruled by a murderous organization. Men who were driven almost mad by their servitude to poverty—a servitude in which there was no promise of better times—fell an easy prey to the insidious counsels of professional criminals. Eleven years ago some of the ringleaders were hanged in the jails at Mauch Chunk and Pottsville, but the punishment that was visited upon the Molly Maguires who escaped the gallows, and on their innocent fellows, was more terrible than death. Ten years before, in 1867, the Poles had begun to make their way into the coal mines, and the great corporations that own and operate the mines were taught the advantage to themselves of employing laborers who would be content with the most degraded and degrading conditions of existence. The influx of Hungarians is to be dated from 1877, the year when the leaders of the Molly Maguires were hanged. But life in the mines of Pennsylvania is what such people have made it, and apparently only such people can live in peace with their employers on the beggarly wages that are paid to them.

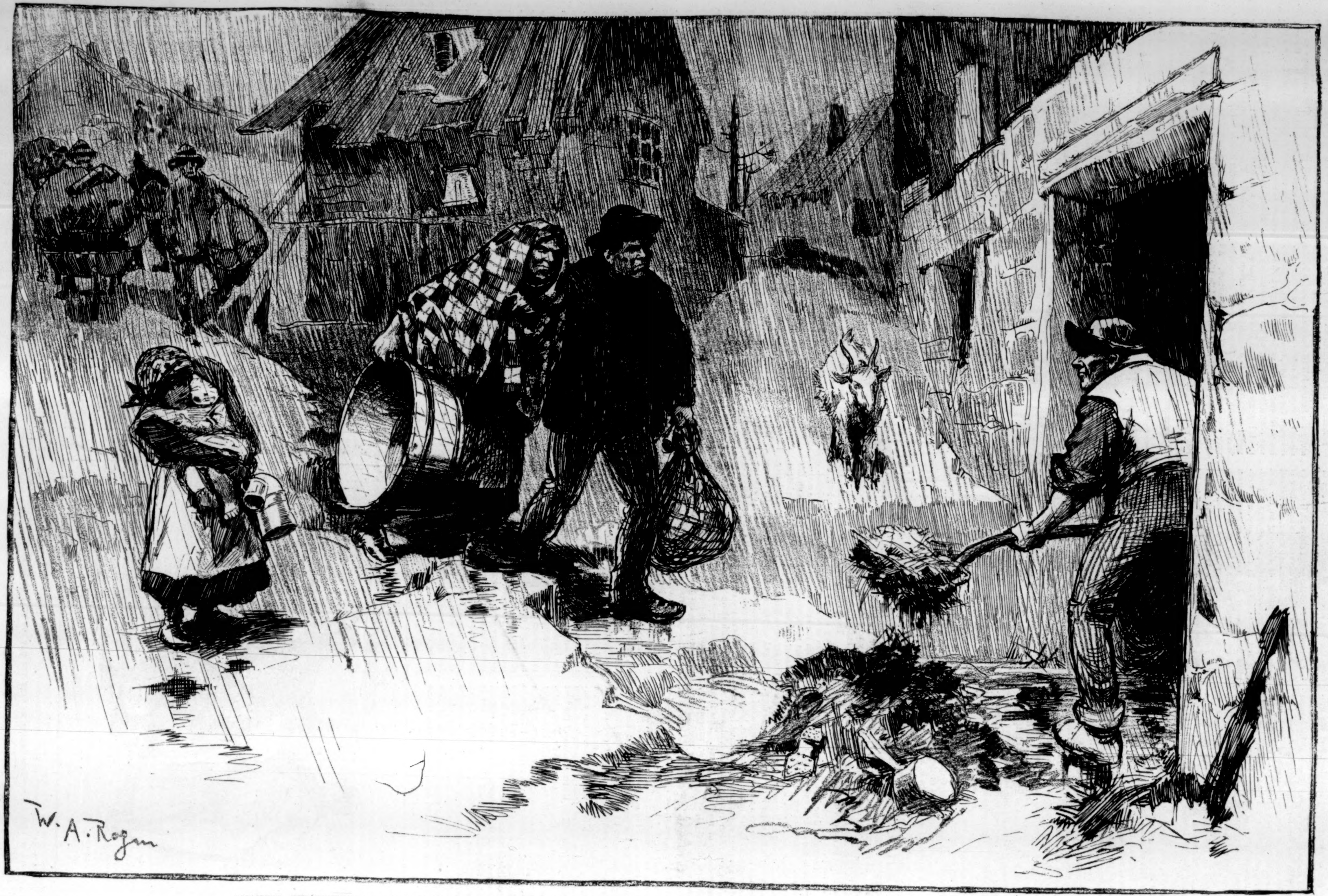
H. L. Nelson.


F. T. Richards.

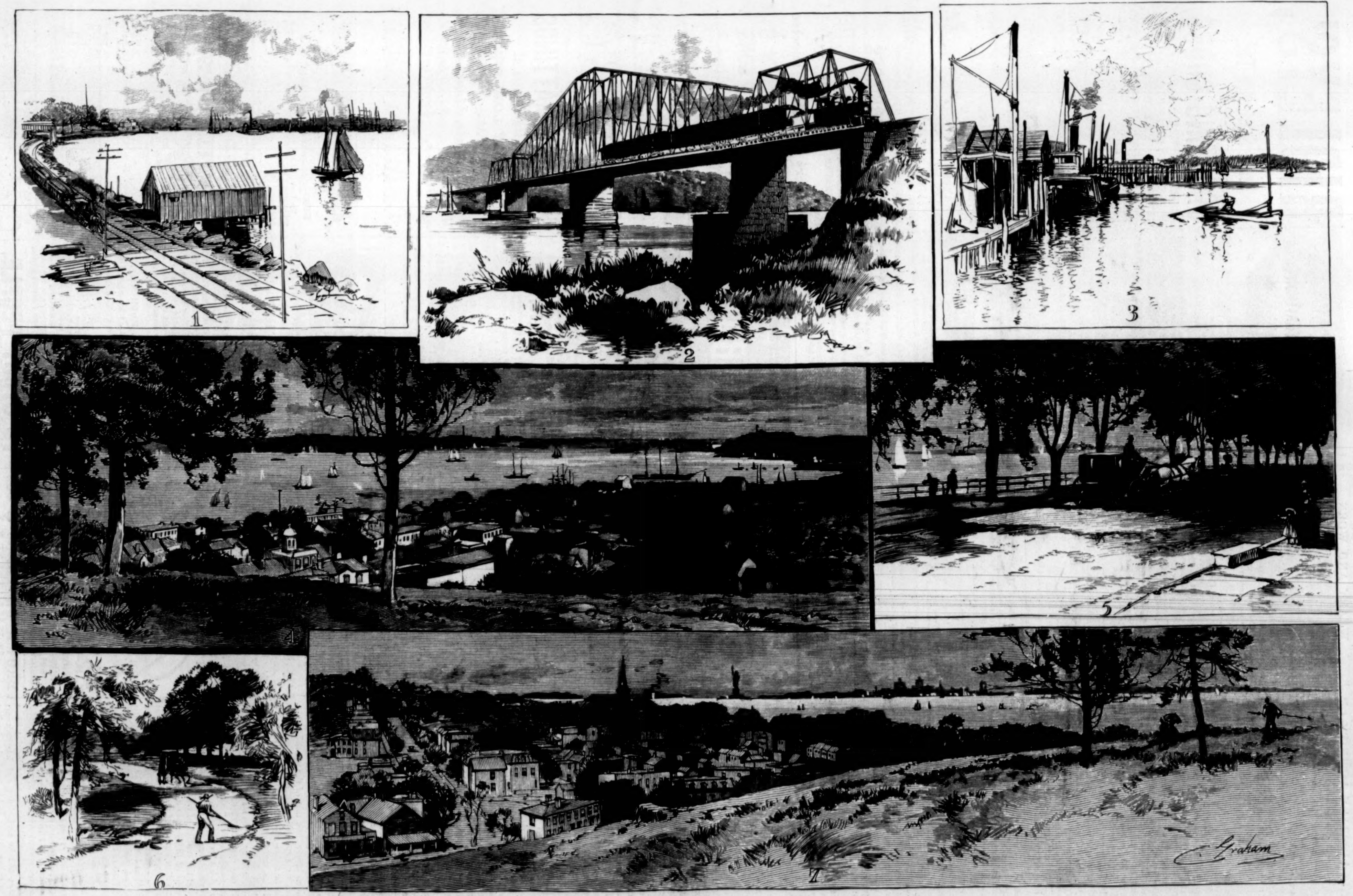
SHOOTING AT A SCARECROW.

"Just watch me take the hat off that scarecrow."

! ! ! !



"MOVING IN" DURING A RAIN-STORM—AN INCIDENT OF POLISH MINERS' LIFE IN PENNSYLVANIA.—Fac-Simile of a Sketch by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 435.]



VIEWS ON THE STATEN ISLAND SHORE.—Drawn by Charles Graham.—[See Page 434.]

1. A Bit of the North Shore. 2. The Railroad Bridge over the Arthur Kill. 3. Old Docks on the North Shore. 4. On the East Shore, looking toward the Narrows. 5. The North Shore Road. 6. A Drive at Arrochar. 7. On the East Shore, looking toward New York.

THE LITERARY ACTIVITY OF GERMANY.

According to official reports, the number of publications in America during the year 1887 was 4437 works, of the English Isles, during the same period, was 4410, while Germany in these twelve months produced no less than 15,972. This proportion is not an accidental one, but is fairly representative of the state of affairs in general in the literary activity of these three nations. Indeed it even puts Germany slightly at a disadvantage. For while the number of publications in England has increased fully 500 in 1887 over 1886, in Germany there has been a decrease, the works issued in 1886 having been 16,253. A comparison with the literary productions of France also shows that Germany's claim to the publication of at least three works to one issued by any of the other leading nations of the globe cannot be impeached. To put it tersely, Germany annually publishes more new works than do France, England, and America together.

These comparative statistics are significant, but admit of a satisfactory explanation. Doubtless one of the leading causes of the remarkable literary activity of Germany is the extraordinary esteem which is attached to a literary reputation. In all the learned professions the controlling factor in deciding a man's standing and reputation is, in nine cases out of ten, not what he does, but what he has written. Official recognition and preferment can be expected only on the ground of published works which show ability and worth. No *Privat-docent*, no matter how efficient as a teacher, can hope for an appointment to a professorship in a university until he has published at least one larger work. Conferring a doctor diploma is made dependent, not upon a written, but upon a printed dissertation. And on the other hand in the appointment of men to university and other professional positions, little or no importance is laid upon their ability to impart and to teach.

In the same way a professional man's reputation and influence rise and fall with his literary productiveness. When he no longer writes books he gradually fades out of sight. It seems impossible to maintain a position of public prominence in Germany except through this one means. For that reason leading men whose work is entirely of a practical sort, and has nothing to do with the ideal of Germany's thinkers, "the advance of scientific investigation" (*Förderung der Wissenschaft*) seldom fail from time to time to appear in the rôle of authors in order to show that they are abreast of the thought of the day, and are accordingly entitled to public recognition and confidence. This directs the attention to a further cause of Germany's literary activity, namely, the intense specialism of German scholarship and the encouragement given to special and detail research. Each picks out for himself some small field of investigation, and this he examines with characteristic thoroughness and microscopic exactness, not for the purpose merely of learning what has been already done in it, but primarily with the aim of developing new results. In this way all Germany is a beehive of specialists, ransacking even the most remote departments of research, for the purpose of bringing to the light of day the knowledge of some facts hitherto unknown. A number of circumstances conspire to encourage this research and the publication of the results. There is no special love for traditionalism in Germany; indeed it almost seems that investigations which antagonize traditional views are all the more welcome. Certainly the characteristic feature of the best modern scholarship is an intense desire to search for the truth irrespective of the effect which the results may have on the likes and dislikes of former generations.

The two causes just mentioned—namely, the specialism of German scholarship and the ready ear given to its researches—create a demand for books for which in other countries there is but a weak call. Almost every educated German is to a greater or less extent especially interested in this or that department of learning. He regards it as a self-evident duty to follow the special investigations that are made in this department, and to secure not only the leading books, but also the pamphlets and periodicals that will give him the desired information. It is characteristic of him that he is not satisfied with summaries and results merely, but must know as much as possible the processes and the detailed facts upon which the results are based. For this reason the library of the scholarly German is generally much larger than that of the scholarly Englishman or American. Although as a rule his income is much smaller than that of the other two, he is more *genügsam* than they, is satisfied with fewer luxuries, and prefers to put whatever money he can spare into books. At least in one department of research his library will be comparatively "complete." This is as true, at least in a noteworthy measure, of the country pastor and priest, as it is of the professional man in the centres of culture and learning.

In view of these facts it is also interesting to note the distribution of these works in the various departments of investigation, showing what fields are especially cultivated. Of the 15,972 published in 1887, there were 439 in the department of cyclopædias, general literature and bibliography; 1456 in theology; 1369 in jurisprudence, including politics, and statistics; 1082 in medicine; 867 in natural sciences; 126 in philosophy; 2063 in pedagogics, *i. e.*, school-books, etc.; 464 were juvenile books; 585 in classical and Oriental philology; 585 in modern languages; 722 in history, biography, etc.; 370 were travels and geographical; 223 mathematical; 389 military; 725 in commercial science; 377 in the mining, railroad, machine, and naval departments; 81 in forestry; 452 in agriculture and horticulture; 1402 in belles-lettres; 648 in the fine arts; 729 popular works, *i. e.*, fiction, etc.; 415 maps; 403 were miscellaneous.

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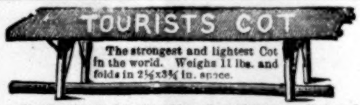

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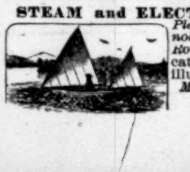

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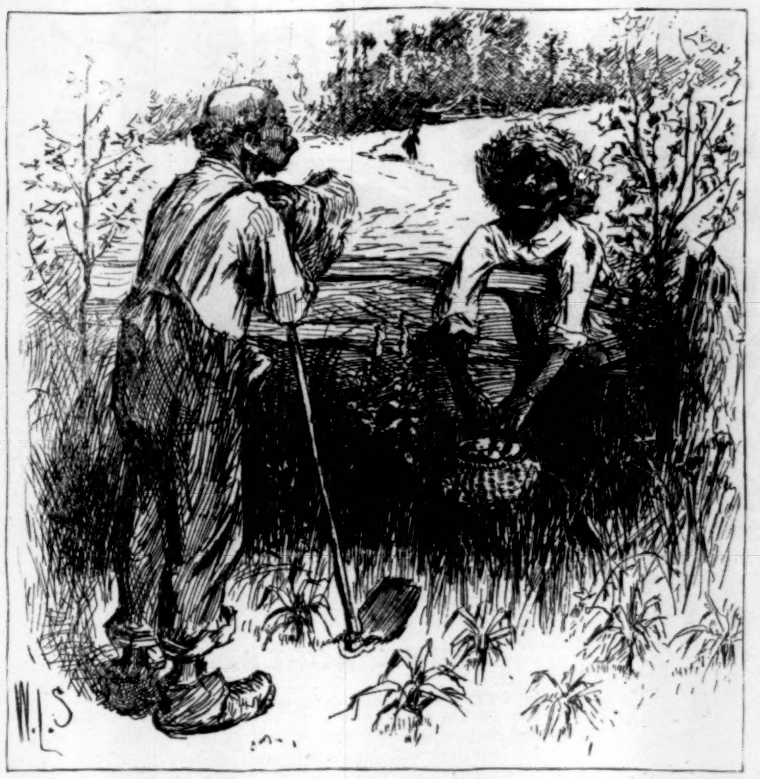

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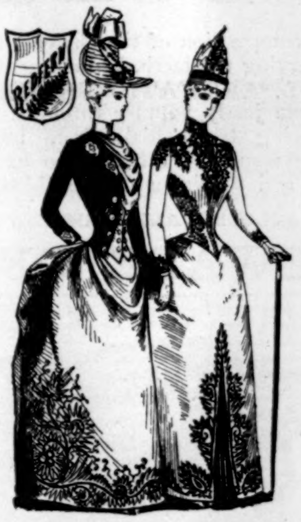

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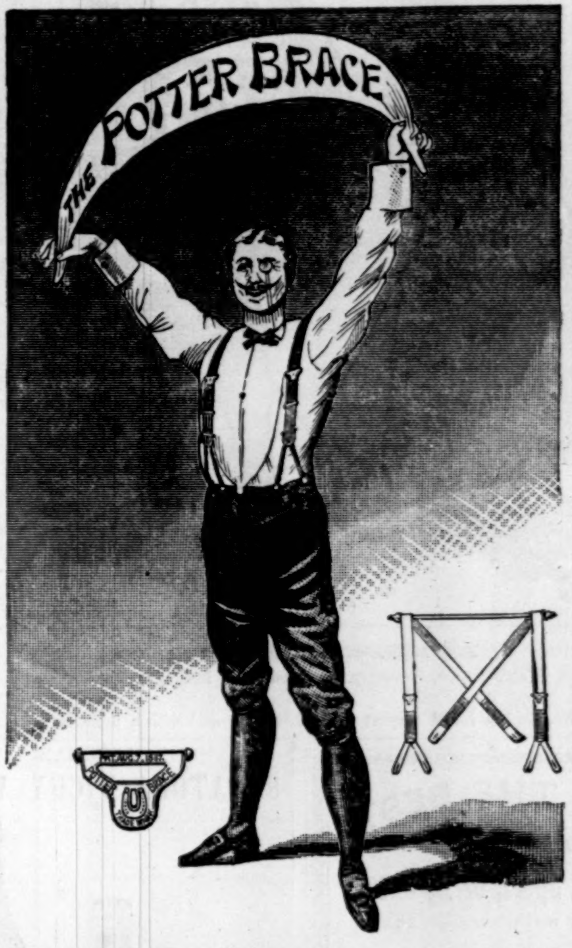

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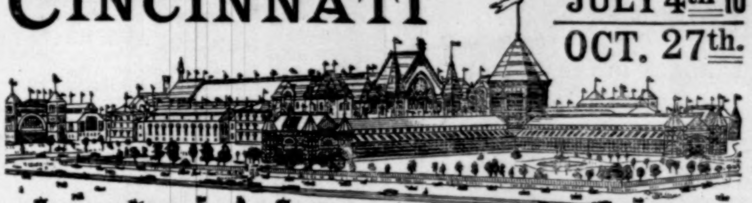

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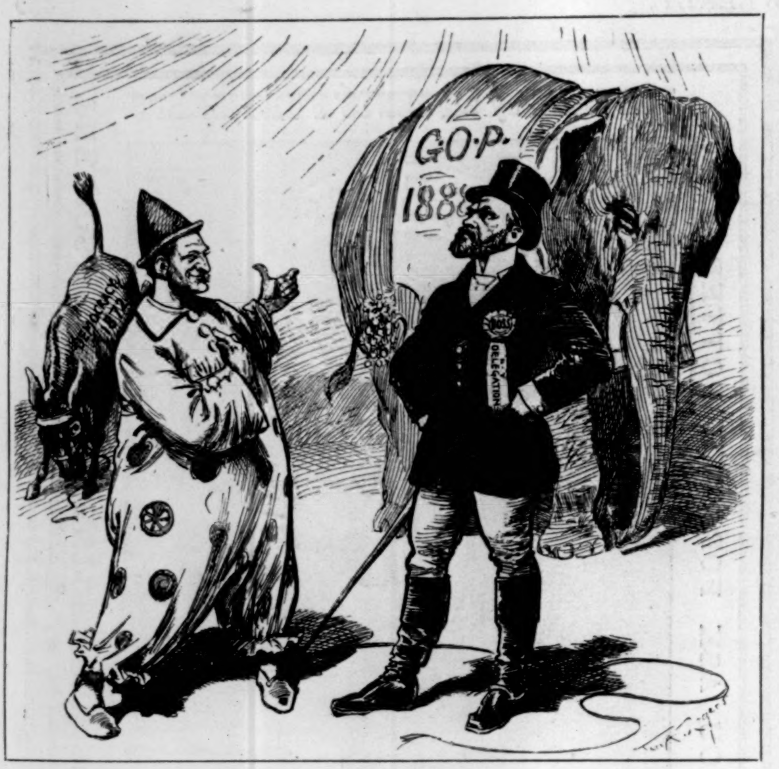

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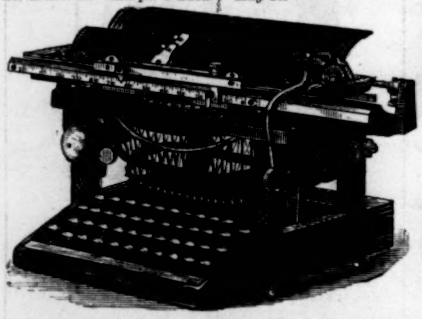

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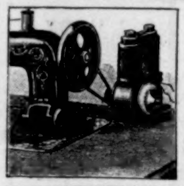

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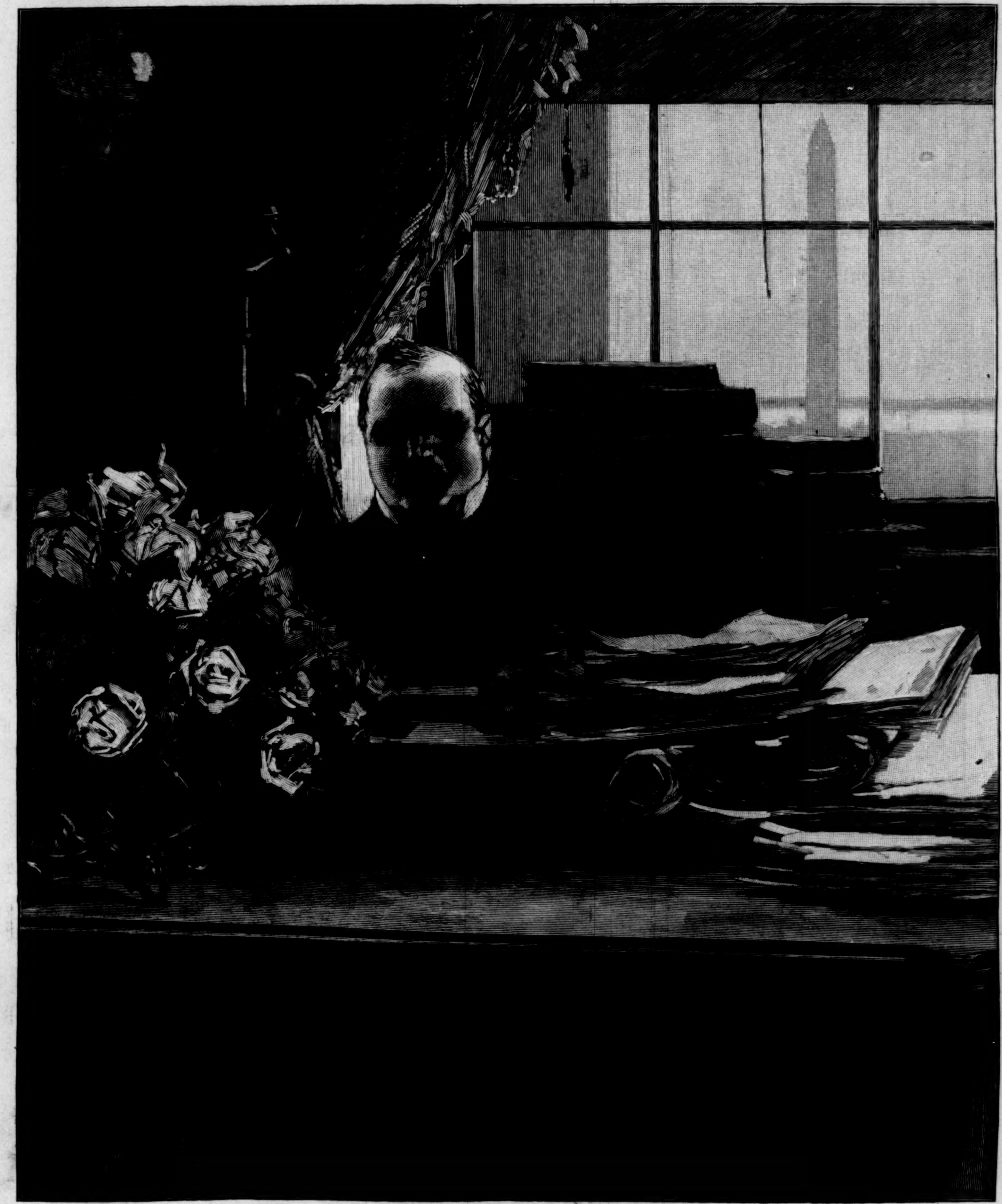

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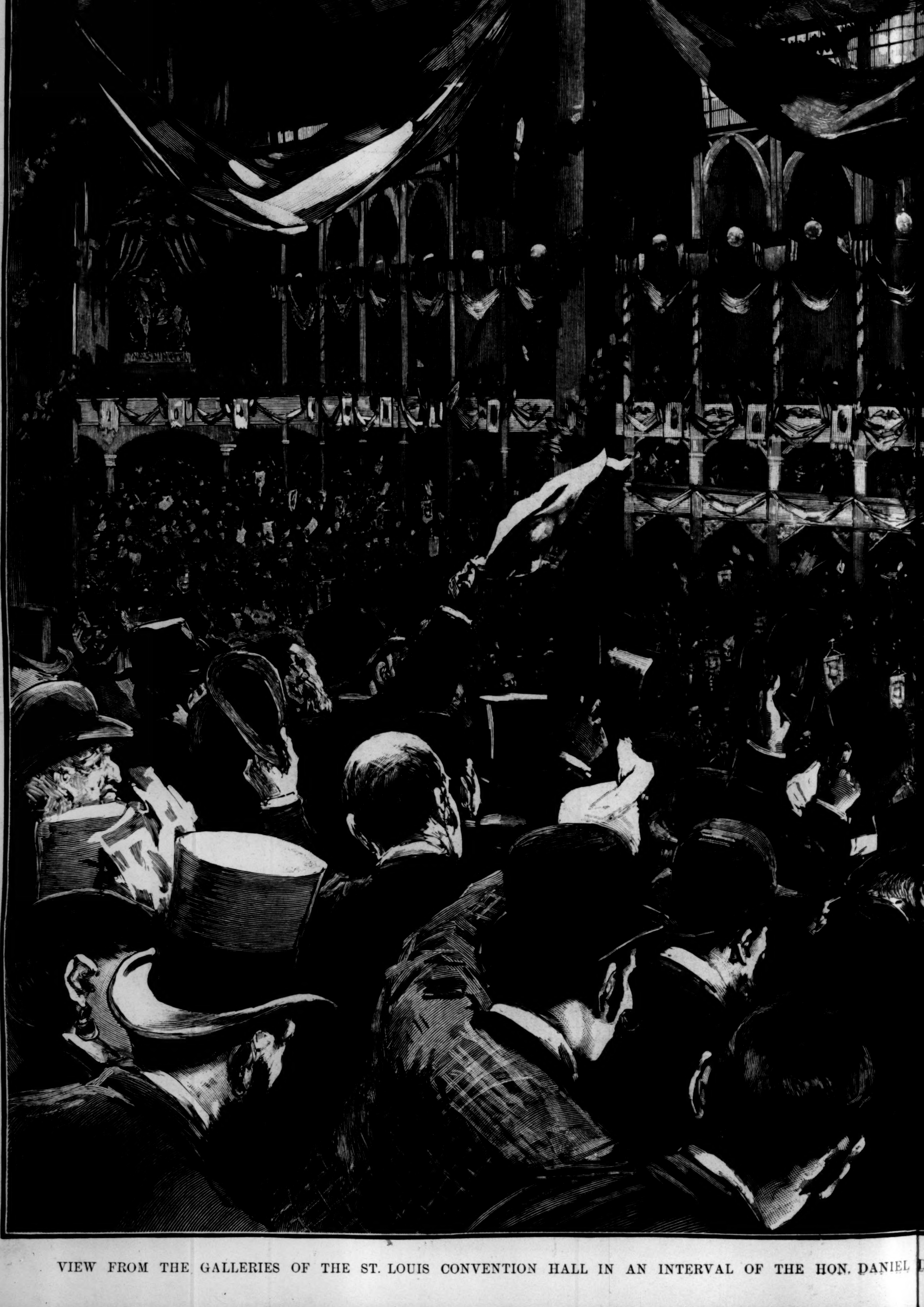

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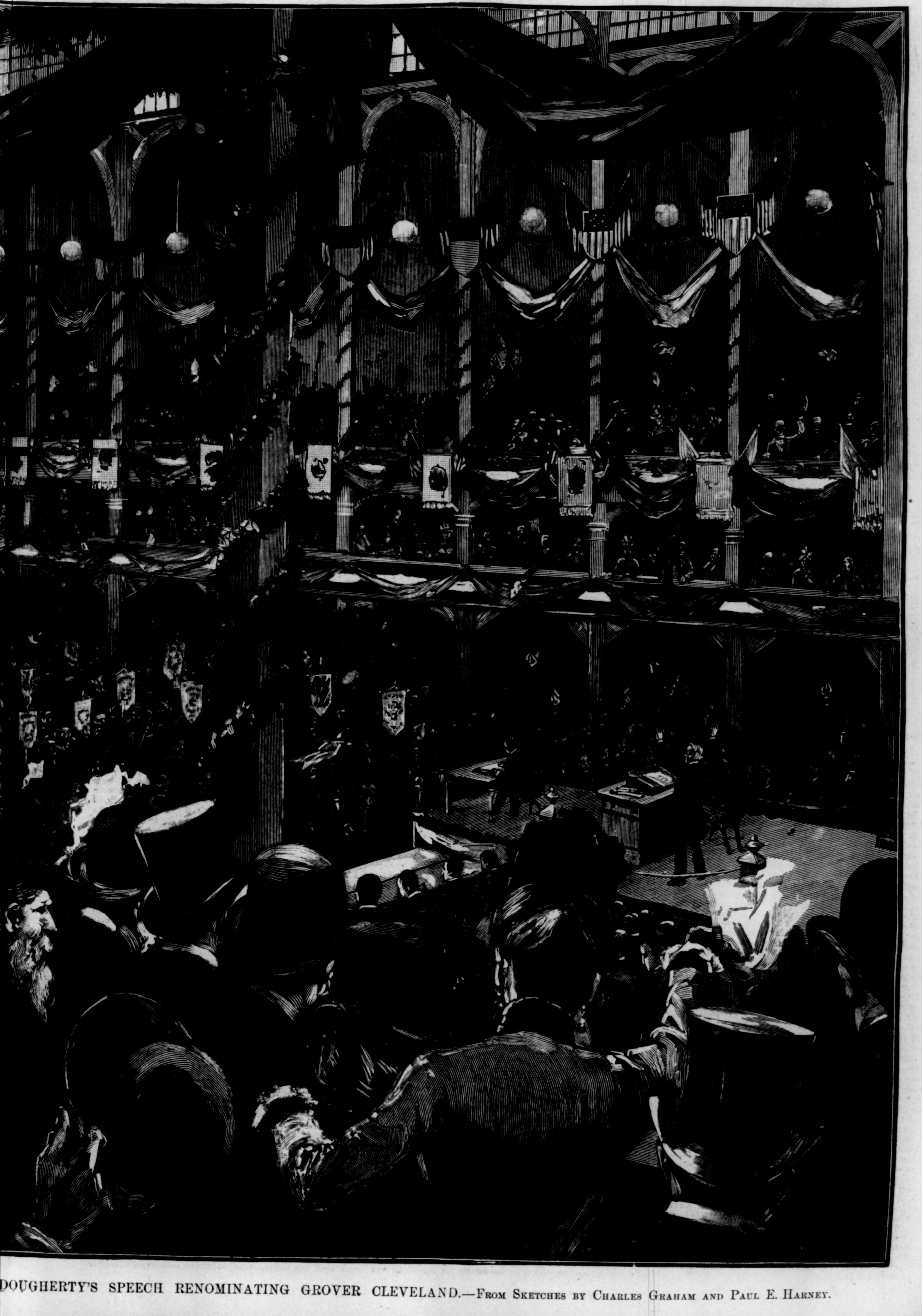

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